

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1928

No. 3282

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

MANCHURIA IS A PART OF CHINA according to geography, population, history, and international law. But leaving right and tradition aside, it is today ruled by Japan. Through the South Manchuria Railway and an army of "railway guards" she dominates it almost as completely as she dominates Korea. The recent announcement, which is causing so much concern in all the foreign offices, that Japan would "take appropriate and effective steps for the maintenance of peace and order in Manchuria" is a repetition of the methods by which Japan absorbed Korea; and those of us who had hoped to see new trends in Japanese policy are constrained to admit that the Nippon Government is today pursuing the same policy of ruthless and deceitful imperialism which left the Empire of the Rising Sun in hated isolation a decade ago. The world has not forgotten the lies told first about Korea and then about the Twenty-one Demands in 1915. Nor has it forgotten that in 1922 Japan signed a solemn nine-Power treaty agreeing "to respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the administrative integrity of China." While civil war rages south of the Great Wall attention may be diverted to other facts. When that is cleared up the world's attention will be concentrated upon Japanese encroachment in Manchuria.

GERMANY'S ELECTION gave an emphatic indorsement to the peace policies of Premier Stresemann, and a clear victory for those parties which, in the last Reichstag, opposed separate denominational schools. The Social Democratic Party made amazing gains, surprising even its own partisans. In the new Reichstag, which will have 489 members, it will count 152; next in number will be the Nationalists, with 73 members, and the Catholic Centrists, with 62. In the last Reichstag, elected in 1924, the Socialists had 131 seats, the Nationalists 110, and the Centrists had 69. Thus the Nationalists have lost a third of their strength; as well they might. The party went into the last election breathing fire, but it soon acquired a taste for office that overrode principles. Three Nationalist ministers resigned from office in October, 1925, rather than share responsibility for the Locarno pacts; but before returning to office in January, 1927, the Nationalists explicitly accepted the republic, the Locarno pacts, membership in the League, and the principle of nonpartisanship in the army. Time has dampened their intransigence, but they shouted again in the electoral campaign, and it is clear that the German electorate is tired of their incessant saber-rattling. The coalition government which took office in January, 1927, was composed of members of the Nationalist, Centrist, and People's parties; but the last-named deserted the coalition before the decisive vote on the school bill, which led to the dissolution of the Reichstag.

SOCIALISTS, COMMUNISTS, DEMOCRATS, and Populists united to defeat the school bill. In most German schools today religious instruction is provided separately for Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—although freethinkers can withdraw their children from such instruction. Ever since the revolution the Center Party has persistently demanded the establishment of denominational schools, isolating the children of each faith wherever there are forty children of school age to form the basis of such a school. The famous "School Compromise" in the Weimar Constitution, adopted in 1919, looked forward to such a consummation, but it has never been given legislative indorsement. Such a bill was introduced last year and discussed in the Reichstag from October until January. The People's Party at first supported it, but later proposed and carried to victory an amendment permitting Baden and Hessen to continue the single system of community schools. This the government rejected, and after it had voted the budget the Reichstag was dissolved. The school bill was the main issue in the election, and of the parties opposed to it the Socialists have gained 21 seats, the Communists 9, and the People's Party 7, while the Democrats held even. This assures its defeat in the coming Reichstag. It also means the defeat of the agricultural-relief bill, which was supported by the Prussian landlords, the backbone of the Nationalist Party.

"UNQUALIFIED ACCEPTANCE of the American peace proposal in principle, coupled with a suggestion that collateral or supplementary declarations regarding its interpretation be exchanged," was the astute characterization of Great Britain's reply to Secretary Kellogg's

peace plan made by the London correspondent of the *New York Times*. Sir Austen's initial enthusiasm is qualified by so many suggested interpretations that little is left of the original document. For that matter, Secretary Kellogg's own speech explaining that most of the French reservations were implicit in the original document was a generous abandonment of his original position. Sir Austen suggests that instead of amending the treaty, each Power should place its interpretation on record "in some appropriate manner so that it may have equal value with the terms of the treaty itself." Absurdly enough, the same Washington officials who objected to amendments cordially accept the suggestion of such "interpretation." The *New York Herald Tribune*, usually a staunch Administration organ, points out that by the latest interpretations every nation retains the right to make war in self-defense and to be its own judge of what constitutes self-defense, and to make war in fulfillment of its obligations under the Covenant, the Locarno pacts, or similar understandings. "It would presumably cost no nation anything to renounce war as an instrument of national policy," says the *Tribune*, "since no nation is likely ever to admit engaging in such a war." The London *Daily Telegraph* some weeks ago made an appropriate but, apparently, too optimistic comment. "We refuse to believe," it said, "that any government would be so cynical as to sign a formal document renouncing war as an instrument of national policy on the ground that the position after signing would be just the same as before."

IT IS HARD TO TAKE SERIOUSLY any government talk of doing away with war so long as we pursue a deliberately aggressive policy ourselves toward the small republics of Central America and the Caribbean. An approach toward peace looks merely like fear so long as it is limited to the powerful nations. In the circumstances, too, our policy toward Latin America is likely to generate charges of hypocrisy, as Professor John Dewey of Columbia University pointed out at a recent conference in Washington, called by the People's Lobby to discuss our international relations. At the same meeting Albert H. Putney, dean of the School of Political Science of the American University, reminded his hearers that it was the relations of large states toward small ones that commonly caused war. Two or more large states that would solicitously avoid a direct war may find themselves indirectly embroiled by reason of their relations toward smaller countries. The conference passed resolutions in favor of arbitration as a means of settling disputes with Latin America and—when intervention seems unavoidable—advocated joint action by the United States and other American nations.

ENGLAND HAS HAD TEN BY-ELECTIONS since the beginning of the year. Yet one must be wary in marking any definite trends in British politics from their results, for the issues have been, in the main, quite local and in some cases almost entirely personal. The Conservatives have lost four of the ten contested seats; two of these went to the Liberals and two to Labor. The other six seats remained in the same hands, although Conservatives and Liberals lost votes while Labor gained. At Hanley, for instance, the Labor Party's majority increased from 1,554 at the 1924 general election to 8,532, while the Conservative vote dropped from 11,973 to 6,604.

WHAT WAS IN THE MIND of C. L. Smith, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, when he sent letters and atheistic literature to the Rev. John Roach Straton, doubtless never will be known. The Court of Special Sessions in New York agrees with Dr. Straton that Mr. Smith acted "with intent . . . to cause annoyance." Mr. Smith asserts that he hoped to win a distinguished convert to the cause of atheism. Whatever the facts may be, Mr. Smith was found guilty and he has been fined \$100. Now, the *New York World* chooses to believe that he was convicted not as an atheist but as a nuisance. We think the *World* is too confiding. Nuisances are not brought to court if they distribute religious tracts. It was Mr. Smith's annoying persistence in propagating an unpopular and unrespectable cause that offered an opportunity which Dr. Straton and his friend Mr. Sumner, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, were not slow to exploit before a sympathetic court. Consequently we cannot agree with the *World* in its belief that "free speech or free thought was in no wise concerned." We believe that free speech was the issue fought out under the cloak of a convenient legal technicality. But even if this were not the case we should want to dissent from the law itself if not from the judges' decision. Every American citizen has the inalienable right to dump his mail unopened in the waste-basket. This should suffice anyone, even Dr. Straton.

TO GEORGE NORRIS of Nebraska goes the honor for another victory in one of the longest uphill fights in the history of Congress. The House of Representatives has passed a Muscle Shoals bill which is close enough to his Senate bill to give hope that a compromise bill better than either may come out of the inter-house conference in which he will take part. The House bill adds an excellent provision for building Cove Creek Dam, which will strengthen the Muscle Shoals development; but, while it gives preference in the sale of power to municipalities, counties, and States, it does not go as far as the Senate bill. The Senate gave preference also to non-profit-making bodies organized to supply cheap electricity to their members, and also safeguarded further the rights of the municipalities by providing that time must be given to pass the necessary enabling legislation. The House bill provides for a government corporation to manage the property; the Senate provision, lodging control of the power in the hands of the Secretary of War, and turning over the revenue to the Secretary of Agriculture for fertilizer experimentation, seems simpler. But the power interests are still active in Washington, despite the exposures of their lobby by the Federal Trade Commission. They are determined to keep Muscle Shoals idle for another decade rather than let it be used directly for the public benefit, just as they would rather leave Boulder Dam unbuilt than have it on a no-profit plan.

THE FLOOD-CONTROL BILL has finally been passed by Congress and approved by President Coolidge. The bill itself represents a compromise between the Jadwin plan sponsored by the Administration and the Jones measure, which originally passed the Senate. In the matter of finance the President consented to the elimination of his proposal that the communities affected contribute 20 per cent of the costs, and the total appropriation has been increased from \$296,400,000 to \$325,000,000. Under the present measure the States will be required to furnish only rights of way on

the main river, while the local communities will contribute to the cost of tributary levees. For a time there was a danger that, under the Senate bill, the government might be pledged to an almost indefinite expenditure—possibly as much as \$1,500,000,000, involving numerous “pork-barrel” grabs. This has been checked and the government will merely purchase flowage rights in the floodways rather than the land. Another improvement lies in the fact that the new bill does not stipulate that the Jadwin scheme shall be followed. As a matter of fact, one of the bill’s chief virtues is that its provisions do not impose iron-clad restrictions or directions as to the precise method of flood control. Very wisely it sets aside \$10,000,000 for conducting adequate and complete surveys of the region. Thus will be supplied a mass of data—grievously lacking at present—upon which the engineers can build a permanent plan of flood protection for the Mississippi Valley.

“**BIG BILL**” HAYWOOD, who has just died in Moscow, was as American as Bret Harte or Mark Twain. He grew up and lost an eye in the violent, hot-blooded mining camps of Colorado, and the struggles at Coeur d’Alene in 1894 and at Cripple Creek in 1903-1904 colored his whole life. The Lawrence strike of 1912, which the East thought terrible enough, seemed to him a mere pink tea compared to the fights of the West. No immigrant ever dares protest the rights of man as violently as a son of the frontier like Haywood. He used to boast that the Western Federation of Miners had and enforced a minimum wage and an eight-hour-day without a single written agreement. And when, in 1907, the “law officers” of Idaho crossed the border into Colorado, kidnapped Haywood and Moyer, and brought them back into Idaho to charge them with the murder of Governor Steunenburg, Haywood again felt the lawlessness of law. The epic court struggle in which William E. Borah prosecuted and Clarence Darrow successfully defended Haywood brought him to national attention. He had already been active in organizing the Industrial Workers of the World; he became its national leader. Until 1913—when his support of direct action and sabotage led to his ejection—he was also a leader in the Socialist Party; but he was never at home in parliamentary politics. Standing up before a mass of unskilled workers, preaching the eternal irreconcilability of employer and employed with one breath and the brotherhood of man with the next, denouncing craft unionism and race distinctions, he was at home. In 1917 the war gave the enemies of the I. W. W. their opportunity. At a farcical trial Haywood and ninety-seven colleagues were convicted without a pretense of individual trial. To Haywood it only proved again the reality of the class war. Out on bail, he was persuaded that he could help his fellows by going to Russia. He went, and hailed the class dictatorship with enthusiasm. The men who had to meet his bail bond found it hard to forgive him.

THEODORE J. GRAYSON, associate professor of finance and director of university publicity at the University of Pennsylvania, received \$250 and expenses from the power lobby for each of a series of addresses denouncing government ownership of public utilities. The record shows the check for \$407.27, drawn on October 31, 1927, by the Joint Committee of Public National Utility Associations, to Mr. Grayson, for the New Orleans speech in which he attacked the Walsh resolution for investigation of the public-utilities

lobby and the Boulder Dam bill. So far as we know, the University of Pennsylvania has not questioned the propriety of Mr. Grayson’s well-paid speeches. But on April 6 Sol Auerbach, instructor in philosophy, made, free of charge, a speech about the educational system of Soviet Russia, before a meeting arranged by the American Student Delegation, and ten days later he was called before the faculty members of his department and questioned. He was told that it was “incompatible for a teacher to express his views on public issues and at the same time retain the critical state of mind necessary for research and teaching,” and informed that unless he would give up such outside activities he could not be reappointed. Mr. Auerbach, who, as an undergraduate, won first prize in *The Nation*’s student-worker contest in 1926, refused to accept such bonds, and is looking for another job. What a pity that his outside work was not well-paid propaganda for the power trust! That would have fitted in, apparently, with the University of Pennsylvania’s conception of impartial research.

THE FLIGHT OF AVIATION continues to catch the imagination. This time it is the newly formed \$5,000,000 transcontinental air-rail system which is to link New York and Los Angeles with a 48-hour service. Headed for Upton Sinclair’s lovely Southern California, the land of orange groves and jails, the passenger leaves New York by train at 6 o’clock in the evening. In the morning he transfers to a speeding airplane and flies through that day. Then follows another sleep on a fast passenger train, with the concluding flight the next day. That evening (as the descriptive folder with colored pictures will probably say) the happy traveler may bask in the golden sunset of the Pacific—if it isn’t foggy. The transfers back and forth from airway to railroad eliminate the hazards of night-flying; it is indubitably better, in the present stage of aviation, to slow the schedule somewhat in order to preserve the excellent record of the daytime air passenger routes. Along with this announcement comes the news of plans for a great national air express. This is to be built around the service started by the American Railway Express Company in 1926, connecting Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other cities. Meanwhile the shares of Wright Aero soared from 69 in February to 214 in May. When the aviators are not engaged in wild and spectacular flights over dangerous seas, the stock speculators indulge in amazing ventures at home.

THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN, in our issue of March 21, stated that the *Washington Star* had “eliminated all mention of Secretary Mellon’s name from the news story” telling of the purchase by Mellon and others in 1920, for \$400,000, of a money-losing agency which “placed advertising in about 400 foreign-language newspapers in the country, and through that advertising was supposed to be able to influence their editorial policies.” We are informed by the management of the *Washington Star* that it did not “eliminate” mention of Mr. Mellon. “The mention of Secretary Mellon’s name, together with some others, was made after the adjournment of the committee hearing, and was reported in an ‘add’ by the Associated Press. This ‘add’ was overlooked by the copy desk of the *Star*.” We are happy thus to set the record straight; but if we had been in charge, any copy-reader who “overlooked” such a story would be looking for another job.

No Sauce for the Gander

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE had before him when *The Nation* went to press two similar bills calling in reason and justice for the same action. Yet it was an accepted conclusion in Washington that he would veto one and approve the other. We refer to the McNary-Haugen farm bill and the Jones-White shipping measure. Both bills, frankly viewed, propose to assist special groups at the expense of the general public.

The spectacle of a President vetoing the farm-relief bill while signing that to help shipping is so contradictory and unfair that it would arouse a storm of protest in any country which took politics seriously. The fact seems to be that Americans are so used to seeing the powers of government employed to enrich business that they take that policy for granted and merely smile cynically when other classes fail to gain assistance. In our political system what is sauce for the goose is by no means always sauce for the gander.

Yet the fact that these two measures went to the President simultaneously, the one to be taken and the other left, emphasizes the scandal of the situation and may cause more resentment among the voters than their complacent representatives in Washington imagine. For not only is there a bald discrimination between classes but there is also one between sections. The aid to shipping will go primarily into the pockets of business men on the Atlantic seaboard. The failure of the bill to help agriculture will be felt chiefly by the farmers of the Middle West. It will be odd, therefore, if the voters of the latter sections, confronted by the evidence that the Republican Party is run for the benefit of a particular section of the country as well as for a privileged occupational group, do not show definite resentment. For the Republicans must bear the responsibility for Mr. Coolidge's actions. He is their President and his acts are theirs, beside which it is a safe guess that the Republican leaders allowed the farm-relief bill to pass Congress as a bit of political buncombe, secure in the knowledge that it would not get by their faithful employee in the White House.

That the toes of the Middle West have been trodden on may be especially unfortunate for the Republican Party in the coming campaign, for that is precisely the region which Mr. Hoover most needs to hold if he becomes—as is now expected—the Presidential candidate of the G. O. P. Governor Smith is popular in the East and will hold the South, but it remains to be seen how much enthusiasm he can arouse in the Middle West. Some of the States of that section may well settle the election, and the Republican Party may find itself severely handicapped by the memory of so recent and raw a piece of favoritism as the passing of the shipping measure and the defeat of the effort toward farm relief. "McNary-Haugen" and "Jones-White" may become fateful slogans before next November.

Mr. Coolidge's attempt to excuse his opposition to the farm-relief bill on the ground of unconstitutionality is an obvious subterfuge. The legal sponsors of the measure in Congress are at least as good lawyers as the President and his advisers. If Mr. Coolidge favored farm relief he would sign the bill and leave it to the Supreme Court to decide

whether the "equalization fee," to which he objects, was valid. The fact is that Mr. Coolidge was known to be in opposition to farm relief of the kind proposed by the McNary-Haugen bill long before he thought of the excuse of basing his objections on the ground of unconstitutionality.

The Nation has never given its unqualified approval to the McNary-Haugen proposal, which proposes to tax the consumer in the form of higher prices for agricultural products in order to assist farmers to make a better living. It would have the effect of a subsidy which would enable some farmers to remain on the land on an artificial basis when if left to themselves they could not continue. It is not certain that the measure would be workable and it is probable that it would increase the production of what tend to be unprofitable crops, whereas the better plan would be to reduce them. But although the economic arguments in behalf of the measure are weak, the social considerations are considerable. We are already becoming too much industrialized. Even if, economically speaking, it would be more profitable to drive the farmer off the land, put him to work in factories, and buy our food abroad, such a policy would be a social disaster. No country is healthy which has got so far away from the original means of livelihood that it has to import the bulk of its food, and the United States will lose much in the way of independence, stamina, and sanity if it follows England into the factory as the single important means of supporting its population.

And beyond this, having established the protective tariff as a national policy, it is only fair that the farmers should have their special privileges too. It is a national disgrace to go on protecting the fat manufacturing industries, already making exorbitant profits, while denying similar assistance to farmers who are in greater need of aid than any other class in the community.

So far as shipping goes, it would be desirable, certainly, to induce Americans to go to sea, but it is doubtful if the Jones-White measure will do this. In order that a ship get the benefits of the legislation, 50 per cent of its crew must be Americans. Yet few of the so-called Americans now at sea are bona-fide citizens. All too many are in reality aliens who have become naturalized merely to enjoy the benefits of higher wages on American ships. Our farmers are actually with us, a group to be preserved, not resuscitated. American shipping, on the other hand, has been dead for fifty years except in the coasting trade. Its revival during the World War was an artificial growth, and if it is worth maintaining, the Government should do it directly, as Senator Norris has said, and know how and where its money goes. The Jones-White legislation may enable certain individuals to make money, but we are not sure that it will serve a wider national purpose. It provides that the Government shall lend money for building ships in American yards up to 75 per cent of the value of the vessels at the lowest rate which the nation pays on its borrowings—about 2½ per cent. It also provides for sums from \$1.50 to \$12 a mile—varying according to speed—for the carrying of mails by American ships. We are glad to say that its most obnoxious feature, the provision for a strike-breaking naval reserve, was cut out in the final draft.

Franklin and Byrd

LIGHTNING, it is said, never strikes twice in the same place; so the Byrd Antarctic Expedition may be safe in the elaborateness of its sponsorship. But the glamor of the names of the Byrd Aviation Associates inevitably carries the mind back to an expedition sponsored by a queen, supported by princes, and manned by the nobility and gentry of England. In 1845 Sir John Franklin sailed for the North Pole surrounded by a regal glory like unto that which now seems foreordained for Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd. Peers vied for Sir John's favors. In our age of plutocracy, the nobility are the rich, the royalty the kings of finance, and so the Byrd Expedition is sponsored by a committee which includes:

Vincent Astor, Bernard M. Baruch, John McE. Bowman, James I. Bush, Newcomb Carlton, Harry Chandler, Edsel Ford (treasurer), Raymond B. Fosdick, Harry F. Guggenheim, Charles E. Hughes (chairman), Otto H. Kahn, L. F. Loree, Seth Low, Clarence H. Mackay, Phelps Newbury, Thomas B. Pratt, Joseph Pulitzer, George Palmer Putnam, Julius Rosenwald, Thomas F. Ryan, Richard B. Scandrett, Jr., Percy S. Straus.

Lords of the admiralty sponsored Franklin, and our own government appoints these to aid Commander Byrd:

F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aeronautics; William P. MacCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics; and Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy.

But Franklin and all his men sailed from this pomp and circumstance to the greater romance and the supreme glory of the world's most complete tragedy. Not one of them ever came back. In eighty-three years, however, we have learned to make life safer in the circumpolar regions, and radio will carry quick news of success or disappointment. There will be no Franklin mystery about Byrd's expedition.

Sir John Franklin was already a national hero when he sailed away, and so is Commander Byrd. Like Franklin's, the Byrd family is distinguished. It belongs to the American nobility of Virginia, past and present. The government of the most powerful country of his time was behind Franklin, the most powerful government of the present world is behind Byrd. The scientific resources and the best advice of all explorers then living were at Franklin's command. The British Government printed handbooks for the use of the expedition, giving all available knowledge to that date. The ships were specially strengthened, specially prepared, and there was forethought in every department. Similarly the explorers and aviators of the world are contributing their counsel now to Byrd.

Franklin sought to open up a road that we now know does not exist, a commercially valuable Northwest Passage from Europe to China. Here the parallel fails, for what Byrd is planning can hardly have direct commercial value. He is to fly over the one land in the world which is so thickly covered with ice that even if it had the richest deposits of the most precious minerals on earth, they could not pay cultivation. Nor could such deposits be discovered by any methods yet known to science, even if they did exist, except where the mountain peaks stand up through the ice. The chief glory of this Antarctic exploration is that it is

untainted by the desire for financial reward. And, doubtless, the Byrd Associates can well afford to be content with glory alone.

Perhaps, after all, Columbus provides a better parallel to Byrd than Sir John Franklin. He succeeded, in the first place; and he, too, had amazing publicity. The newspapers have done well by Byrd, but even the Byrd Associates are hardly an adequate parallel to the story of the wealthiest and most fashionable queen in Europe pawning her jewels to raise the needed money for Columbus.

One wonders a little at the executive modesty which appointed mere assistant secretaries of departments to the Byrd board. Queen Victoria, following Isabella's lead, used no proxies with Sir John Franklin, and she was a stateswoman whose reputation has survived the biographers. Curtis Wilbur, Dwight Davis, Herbert Hoover, and Calvin Coolidge might take a hint from Victoria and Isabella and climb on the bandwagon in time to share in the modern royal glory of Byrd and the Antarctic.

Save the Palisades!

NEW YORK STATE has just bought an area equal to that of Yellowstone Park in the Adirondacks; the United States has just acquired a magnificent playground in the Great Smokies; Chicago, at infinite expense, is making new park land by filling in the water-front of Lake Michigan; San Francisco, thanks to private generosity, has in Mount Tamalpais one of the finest playgrounds close to any great city in the world. But New York City and Newark and Jersey City and the other crowded centers on the west bank of the Hudson River are casually letting their natural park be spoiled. The Palisades are in danger again.

Thirty years ago, when quarries were blasting away the great rock buttress which makes the glory of the lower Hudson, two States woke up and, aided by George W. Perkins and other generous individuals, obtained what is now known as the Palisades Inter-State Park. For twelve miles along the Hudson, from Edgewater almost to Sneden's Landing, the land between the water and the brow of the cliff is park. Last year a million and a half people visited it. But the legislative act of thirty years ago gave the commission no power to condemn land above the brim of the cliffs—there seemed then no danger that it would ever be anything but rolling farm land. Now the Fort Washington Bridge is building; real-estate speculators are at work; and already the advertising pages of the Sunday papers contain hideous pictures of "developments" on the heights. Only the lack of sewer-pipes and water has delayed the spoiling. Unless the two States wake up and act again, the top of the Palisades will soon show, as Loula Lasker points out in the *Survey Graphic*, "a gap-toothed horizon of skyscrapers, tall and small, some ten, some twenty stories high, some twice that; sky signs, billboards, water tanks, Coney Island show." The pillars of rock will be only the cellars of the apartment-dwellers; and the river vistas which might have been the property of the people will be for rent at so much per.

This is no ordinary park which is threatened. Apartment houses would, of course, ruin the vista from the trains and river-boats, but they would as certainly ruin the more

intimate beauties known only to walkers. Can one imagine those waterfalls and brooks emerging from the foundations of a new city, the dogwoods blooming beneath a shower of cigarette-butts? We have a picture in the stunted trees of Central Park of what would happen to the hillsides of the Palisades if a row of buildings is allowed to pour its soot over what is now lush green. There would be no more flaming maples in autumn, no feathery hemlock in mid-winter, no spicebush lighting the April swamps; and the calm peace of midsummer woods would become a hell of phonographs and radios.

It might cost twenty million dollars to save even a strip of land two hundred feet wide along the cliff's edge—enough to provide a scenic drive and a fringe of trees; and to most legislators the sum looks large. Miss Lasker reports that one newspaper, urged to support a save-the-Palisades drive, thought the cost prohibitively high. But parks make real-estate values. Ugly real-estate projects can easily destroy the values which the new bridge is creating; but there never was a park which did not raise values about it. Westchester County, New York, has spent \$47,000,000 on parks and parkways in the last five years, and the commissioner estimates that the park system is responsible for an increase in assessed valuations of six times the investment. If only New Jersey and New York could unite on a program which included excess condemnation there is no doubt that such a park could be made to more than pay its own way. Interstate jealousy and moss-backed prejudice against modern methods of taxation should surely be set aside in such a cause.

Thirty years hence the citizens of the new region of homes behind the Palisades may bless the legislators who preserved for them a playground unequaled in any metropolitan area this side of San Francisco; or they may curse the short-sighted penuriousness of our generation. It is hard to understand why the joint community on the two sides of the river does not unite in demanding that its playground be saved and enlarged.

The Price of Speed

THE automobile has killed virtually as many persons in the United States in the last two years as were killed or died of wounds in the American army in the World War. In addition it has seriously injured nearly seven times as many persons as the number of our soldiers wounded but not killed in the European struggle. Estimates based on reports to the Census Bureau put the number of automobile fatalities in 1926 at 23,264 and in 1927 at 24,775. There are no figures for those injured less than fatally, but as they are commonly estimated as twenty-five to every death, 1,200,000 persons may have been injured in automobile accidents in the last two years. Against this 50,000 American soldiers were killed or died of wounds in the World War (27,000 others died while abroad of disease or other causes) while 182,000 additional were wounded. The worst of the frightful automobile casualty list is that 30 per cent of the fatalities were boys or girls under fifteen years of age. It was truly a slaughter of the innocents.

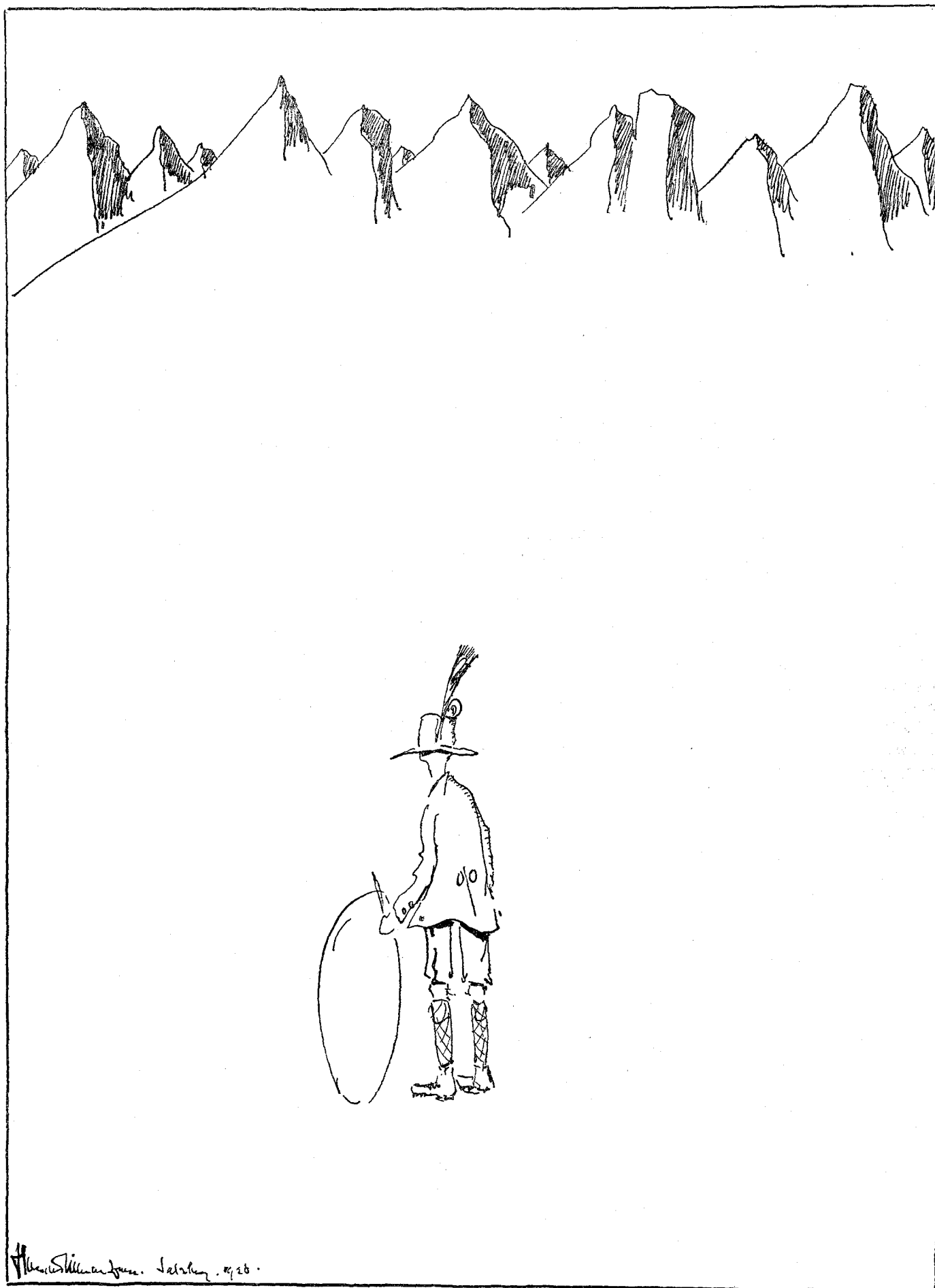
Nor is there any sign of a reduced death toll. The fatalities have doubled in eight years and will probably reach 26,000 for 1928. It is frequently pointed out as a

hopeful sign that the number of casualties is decreasing by comparison with the number of automobiles in use, but a recent study made in the University of Chicago suggests that even this is true only in regard to fatal accidents. The study showed that in 1921, for every 10,000 cars registered, there were 310 fatalities and non-fatal injuries combined, while in 1926 this figure had risen to 372, an increase of 20 per cent. If these figures are reliable, it would seem that safety devices and longer experience with cars, although lessening their fatality rate, are not reducing the number of accidents.

There is no present sign that the public is willing to accept drastic autocratic reduction of speed as a solution of this grave problem. On the contrary, the speed at which automobiles bowl through city streets has almost doubled in twenty years. Not only does the car owner resent the suggestion of reduced speed but the man without one is less interested in preserving his rights as a pedestrian than he is in contriving to get an automobile with which to ride through the streets himself. Stiffening the requirements for drivers' licenses is only a palliative because most accidents are not due to a lack of skill. The most skilful drivers are often the most reckless. The one direction in which considerable progress has been made in recent years is in suspending or revoking licenses for carelessness or drunkenness, especially for the latter. A good many newspapers are helping along this work by publishing the full list of revocations in their localities. It must have a subduing effect on some hotheads and users of intoxicating liquors.

But though there seems to be no present sign of a willingness to obtain safety through less speed—our motor death toll is part of the price of the Jazz Age—we are taking more account of the victims after the accidents have happened. With a characteristic tenderness for property rather than life we are estimating the cost in dollars and trying to distribute it as equitably as possible. The demand for compulsory automobile insurance, or some similar method of lightening the burden of the injured or their dependents, seems to be growing. Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Maine have some form of compulsory insurance, but proposals in other States are so far hanging fire as there is a good deal of opposition, especially from commercial interests connected with the automobile industry. According to insurance men, about 16 per cent of the country's automobiles are voluntarily insured for the purpose of compensating for injuries to persons and 13 per cent to make good damages to property. Most of the insured cars are in the larger cities. Failure to carry insurance does not necessarily mean inability to pay for accidents, but the custom of buying cars on the instalment plan—it is estimated that 80 per cent are now bought in that way—is reducing the level of the financial responsibility of car owners.

As an alternative to compulsory insurance, application of workmen's-compensation principle is urged in certain quarters. This would have an advantage in that the defense of contributory negligence—by which many damage suits are now beaten—would be abolished and the victim would be compensated according to a fixed schedule based on his earning capacity. It is also argued that such a scheme would take a great burden from the courts, but there are a number of legal questions involved in the proposal which need further clarification.



The Austrian Kid

"Grandpa is Italian and Grandma is Czecho-Slovakian and Uncle is Yugoslavian and Auntie is Rumanian and I have to play in Polish. Now what am I to do?"

It Seems to Heywood Broun

ONE of the slightly topsy-turvy features in an ill-adjusted world concerns the subject of domestic science. Within a month the Pope was protesting against the participation of women in organized athletics. As I remember, he said that their arms should never be raised except in prayer or the performance of their household duties. Seemingly, the world has fastened on the notion that while Adam delves Eve should spin.

I don't see why. Many women of my acquaintance would make excellent field hands and cannot sew a stitch. I myself am equally inept at both tasks, but there are men capable of taking tonsils out and there is every reason to believe that they could also go in for fancy work. But most ridiculous of all is the contention that woman belongs in the kitchen. Why should that be? If she hangs about the stove there is grave danger that she may get in the way of somebody who really can cook. She spoils essences with her priggishness about sanitation, and of course she can prepare nothing half so good as comes from the frying-pans of guides in the North Woods. According to their wholly logical theory plain lake water is considered sufficient treatment at the end of any meal, and accordingly the pan begins in time to develop a character and an individuality after the manner of a favorite pipe.

Moreover, man excels in preparing meals because he is ready to avail himself of the aid of new inventions. America may yet develop a worthy national cookery through the use of canned goods. Whenever I see a restaurant which avails itself of the cheap slogan, "We have thrown our can-opener away," I avoid it. There is every sentimental reason and every practical reason why canned goods should have an honored place in any balanced ration. Take specifically the matter of soup. In the average household soup is compounded out of desperation. No housewife goes about its preparation except with a heavy heart. She feeds a cauldron of last resort. The chicken she thrusts disdainfully into the pot has already outlived his usefulness. He would not be transformed into soup if there was any other capacity in which he could possibly serve. The soup of home cooking is a conglomeration of survivors. Shakespeare neglected to state that after the funeral-baked meats had coldly furnished forth the marriage feast they served as bouillon for the honeymoon.

I know that there is an old and fallacious proverb to the effect that too many cooks spoil the broth. This I deny hotly. The saw suggests that soup can be left to shift for itself. On the contrary it should be stirred and sniffed at frequent intervals. Now doesn't it stand to reason that experts, and men at that, who have been brought up with soup should be able to prepare a better product than amateurs who have no enthusiasm for it? A man who goes into a large soup cannery does so by choice. The average wife accepts cooking simply because the job has been thrust upon her. She is in the kitchen because she loves Jim or Tom or Harry and not because she has a passionate preoccupation with mock turtle. The canner's man serves on quite a different basis. This is the sanctuary he has chosen out of all the world. He might have been an actor, a congressman, a journalist, or a painter. Instead he has chosen to throw in

his lot with onions, cream, boiling water, and tomatoes. Don't you think it is inevitable that he will try to make the soup for which he is responsible justify the life work which he has selected? Also I wish to make a plea for such hash as comes in cans. At the very least it may be said for it that it is premeditated.

Readily enough, I will admit that many canned commodities have a flavor quite unlike that of the products as they come directly from the fields. Fresh asparagus and canned asparagus are only distant cousins, but I object to the easy and prevalent surmise that on this account the fresh sort must be better. It is the old argument about nature and art. The man who paints a tree after the desire of his own heart makes something which appeals to me more than the picture of the artist who is merely photographic. And I prefer canned asparagus.

Curiously enough, it is the women who have fought most bitterly against the coming of tinned nutrition. One might think that they would hail ready-made dishes as a delivery from drudgery. They don't. The grocer and the delicatessen man have threatened our whole social fabric. In days gone by a woman could justify a parasitic existence by talking of her "household duties." Possibly there was truth, years ago, in the assertion that the man at the office slaving over his desk worked no more vigorously than the woman who remained at home to sweep and dust and get the dinner. That's all done now. No woman of intelligence need bend over a hot stove when she can prepare an enticing meal with no more effort than is required to remove the tops from a few cans. To be sure sweeping and dusting still remain, but the amount of labor entailed in this has been exaggerated. And besides women sweep too much. Since the keeping of a home has now become an easy task the average housewife cannot escape a twinge of conscience. If she has children her claim to exemption from hard labor has some standing, but even in this case I am told there is no great difficulty save in the case of the only child. If there are two they amuse and entertain each other. Accordingly, it has become necessary for women to go out of the home and get to work. There is not enough to do around any house to occupy a strong and healthy individual more than a few minutes every day.

Aesthetic arguments may be raised against the triumph of canned goods. I have said that cooking is one of life's finest recreations. Some will object that the growth of tinned delicacies has killed the possibility of individual effort. There could also be the contention that canning leads to standardization. But these objections will be made only by those who lack imagination. One need not be slavish in the hands of the wholesalers. There is still the possibility of working out new mixtures and new combinations. The canned commodities may be looked upon as notes of music. Flung together in any way a certain melody is produced and with some slight change the whole air is altered. For me there is no sensation quite as thrilling as that of opening an ice-box late at night and seizing upon what have you. And of course there should be a frying pan sizzling upon the gas stove and a good song ringing clear.

HEYWOOD BROUN

The Rights of a Columnist

A Symposium on the Case of Heywood Broun versus the New York World

H EYWOOD BROUN was dismissed on May 5 from the staff of the *New York World* on a charge of disloyalty because of an article* on liberal newspapers printed in *The Nation* of that week. In that article Mr. Broun said that among New York newspapers the *World* came "closest to being an American *Manchester Guardian*," but that it lacked the "courage" and "tenacity" necessary for a truly liberal paper. He specified several instances in which he believed the *World* had shifted its position and exhibited too timid a concern for various groups.

How free should a writer be to criticize the paper which pays his salary? Was Mr. Broun within his rights as a "columnist" in discussing the shortcomings of the *World* in the pages of *The Nation*? Was the *World* within its rights in breaking its contract with Mr. Broun on the basis of the article in *The Nation*? Was it proper, in any case, for the *World* to dismiss Mr. Broun, publicly, without previous discussion and without notice?

The Nation put these questions to the writers and newspaper editors and publishers whose comments on the case follow.

William Allen White

Proprietor and Editor, the Emporia Gazette, Emporia, Kansas

The columnist's status in the modern American newspaper has not been established. He is institutionally too young to have a standardized ethical place. Being old-fashioned, yet having been on both sides of the pay roll, I feel that the columnist as such is a journalistic freak and that he is sporadic and will pass either into a responsible contributing editor, free and untrammelled, or into a court jester without dignity or standing. Broun's case illustrates the situation. It points no moral and adorns no tale, so far as American journalism is concerned, because the agreed facts signify no important violation of any accepted journalistic code. The editor still is boss, the employee still has his royal right to resign or be fired. It is just another newspaper row, and the friends of each participant have a right to uphold their favorite. No cause is involved, no principle at stake.

Julian Harris

Editor and Publisher, the Columbus Inquirer-Sun, Columbus, Ga.

The case of Heywood Broun and the *World* is completely out of the ordinary. I should say that Mr. Broun had made such a reputation for himself that no one would mistake his views for those of the *World*. In the Sacco-Vanzetti case I think Mr. Broun was so violent that he actually turned some persons against his own viewpoint. Having permitted Mr. Broun fully to express himself the *World* had gone a long way and I believe was justified in its action at that time.

*Reprints of the article which caused Heywood Broun's dismissal from the *World* may be obtained from *The Nation* by sending four cents in stamps.

In the more recent disagreement due to Mr. Broun's attack on the *World* I think he showed bad taste. Mr. Broun should have resigned from the *World* before assailing it in another publication. The *World* might well have made its dismissal less abrupt, but certainly in view of his attack on the newspaper for which he worked Mr. Broun has little ground for complaint. For both the *New York World* and Mr. Broun I have much admiration, but I fear that the noted columnist as editor would be less patient with a columnist who had perfectly conventional views than the *World* has been with him.

Waldo Cook

Editor, the Springfield Republican, Springfield, Mass.

One may only guess at motives, yet the first Broun article in *The Nation* read as if Heywood was out for a killing to ease up his internal combustion rather than to help the *World* become a better spokesman of "liberal" thought. So it is well to write with reservations.

With that much said, I see no sufficient reason in Mr. Broun's first article in *The Nation* for firing him from the *World*. Mr. Broun is a journalistic prima donna. Prima donnas are privileged to be impudent to the stage manager and the director-general, are they not? A "colyumist," exploited as a personality, is usually allowed to "sass" all mankind, and, like the king's jester, to be irreverent toward his own employer. Certainly, these ennobled clowns of the press may oppose the views of the editorial page as freely as the readers whose critical letters to the editor are constantly printed on the editorial page itself, much to the satisfaction of the paper's constituency.

If Mr. Broun had offered his *Nation* article for his own department in the *World*, could it have been more of an offense than similar criticism from a contributor to the *World's People's Forum*?—assuming that it had not contained reports of confidential conversations with responsible editors or used unethically information obtained through intimate inside association with the paper's family rows.

"Colyumists" often become a bore. They are insufferable when their deposit of organic smartness is overdrawn. But what would you? They lose their therapeutic as well as their circulation value if they cannot thumb their noses at the high and mighty, without exception, anywhere, anytime.

I don't mind saying that the *World* is just as interesting to me without Heywood Broun. I have seldom read him because there is too much to read.

Fremont Older

Editor, the San Francisco Call

I think Heywood Broun expects rather too much of a big New York daily morning newspaper. Possibly the *World* could be a little more liberal than it is, and get away with it, but its editors, not being convinced that it could, hesitate to experiment. It comes down to a matter of judgment.

While I have never worked on a New York newspaper I have had a good many years' experience on San Francisco newspapers and have learned that an editor cannot say everything that from his point of view he thinks ought to be said. You must hold and increase your circulation in order to hold and

increase your advertising. Failing in this, it will not be long before your newspaper fails.

The kind of liberal morning newspaper Mr. Broun has in mind would have to be subsidized, and even then it could not be wholly free because its editors would be enslaved by the hobbies and caprices of the subsidizer.

I admire Mr. Broun very much as a writer and as a man, but I don't think he should be at all disturbed at Pulitzer's action. If he had been able calmly and serenely to allow Mr. Broun to criticize the *World* in another journal without retaliating he would be something of a superman. We mustn't expect too much of human nature. If Mr. Broun had written critically of *The Nation* in the *World*, how would it have been received in *The Nation* office?

Theodore Dreiser

Author of "An American Tragedy"

I have long observed that it is a rare American newspaper or magazine that offers any space to anyone who has a vital criticism of our American life to offer. A soothing prosperity now appears to reduce the American mass to an almost hoggish indifference to everything mental—to look upon as negligible any and all such ills as may affect an unsuccessful minority. The devil take the hindmost. By all means smother the plaintive wowl of the underdog. Whatever else you do, touch on no vital issue. Instead furnish the mob with a constant clatter in regard to sports, radio, the races, patriotism—indeed, anything and everything about purely material developments while a financial oligarchy runs things for the good or ill of all.

Indeed, to me, at this writing, it would seem as though it is the high percentage of prosperity, in no way related to culture or intensive thought, that has snuffed out the interest of the majority in anything save comfort and pleasure. Unquestionably there are men, even today, who, slightly encouraged by a national alertness or thoughtfulness in regard to any hovering national ill, would speak in no uncertain terms. But where is there such a minority—any really important group concerned with any outstanding American problem? I cannot feel its presence.

Yet there are approaching ills—the gradual subornation of the American mind by the Catholic program for one thing; the gradual but certain reduction of the American freeman to an infinitesimal unit in the lock-stepping majority, easily and dictatorially guided by a purely financial and by no means mental money crew. More and more wealth and power for a few corporations and their officers and directors. More and more thoughtless subservience on the part of the limitless majority.

Yet truly, and apart from thought, of course, a not unpleasing panorama for the average man. Plenty—or nearly so—of food and clothing for the many; even houses, automobiles, radios, phonographs, newspapers, and magazines conducted in the interest of those who feel material comfort as the be-all and the end-all of life. As for those who think, who foresee impending ills—sudden and enormous and possibly catastrophic changes—they can wait. Out on them for the radicals, firebrands, Reds that they are. Give them no voice. Discharge them from all responsible positions. If possible subvert their means of living.

And yet approaching ills; assured and possibly disastrous changes now pending. And solutions possible. But the newspapers! Is not circulation—numbers of subscribers of whatever character—their very blood; and money for their exchequer, from those who control the many, the food of their blood? Who doubts it? Yet conditions being what they are I cannot savagely censor any individual paper or its misdeeds. But a land flaccid because of material ease, indifferent to a reasonable equation between the states of men and their indi-

vidual sorrows; a land that winks at injustice, more and more modifies the liberty of the individual to think for himself, is not worthy of those who, planning this nation, dreamed a great dream. They led men to believe that by thought and the effort that flows from generous and equable thought in regard to all things is a proper accord among men to be maintained. But never, by what one sees in America at this hour, is man to be moved nearer toward an understanding of his strange and at present anomalous relation to nature; or his perhaps futile hope that he may not pass as meaningless dust; may yet lift his spirit as a distinguished force which need not die.

David Lawrence

Editor, the United States Daily, Washington, D. C.

Replying to your letter of May 10, permit me to say that the case appears to me to be partly a question of law and partly a question of loyalty to an employer. With respect to the legal phase involved, I have not seen the contract and would not venture to interpret it, as I am not a lawyer.

As to the question of loyalty to an employer, a newspaper is a business institution which can demand from its employees the same measure of loyalty and cooperation that any other private business does. Discussion of the particular relations between the *World* and its employees is not, to my mind, a subject for public discussion, but wholly a private matter as between the principals or their attorneys.

H. L. Mencken

Editor, the American Mercury

In this controversy my professional sympathies are naturally with Broun, for it seems to me that his services to the *World* have been of very great value to that paper, as they have been to American journalism in general, and that its rude and public dismissal of him was patronizing, unjust, and in excessive bad taste. In any row the angrier of the two parties is almost always in the wrong. The *World* lost its temper and its dignity, and now looks, I fear, somewhat ridiculous. Why should it have got into such a fearful lather about Broun's very moderate and polite aspersions? In my days on the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, I used to denounce that paper in its own columns with barbarous violence and yet none of the editors ever dreamed of objecting. Whenever my attacks reached tender spots, they replied by denouncing me, editorially, as a jack-ass, and on more than one occasion they produced such evidence in support of the accusation that I felt impelled to withdraw quietly from the combat. A great newspaper should be sure enough of itself to face any sort of assault, in or outside its office. The *World* underestimates its position in American journalism. It is far too solid and valuable a newspaper to be seriously hurt by criticism, however violent. The sort of loyalty it apparently demanded of Broun would do journalism far more harm than any conceivable treason.

But, though I thus sympathize with Broun, I think I should add that his course in the Sacco-Vanzetti business seemed to me to be most ill-advised. Certainly no one in the federal Union has ever bellowed for free speech more loudly than I have, but in matters of public controversy, with the passions of countless morons aflame, it must be plain that a reasonable politeness and prudence have their uses. I think that Broun's excessive earnestness interfered seriously with the *World's* very intelligent effort to save the condemned men, and that he thus helped to defeat both its purpose and his own.

The present dispute is essentially a family quarrel and should not be taken too gravely. The *World* had the better of it at the start, but has lost that advantage by showing anger. But to argue that this anger convicts it of sailing under false

colors is as absurd as it would be to argue that getting fired has done any harm to Broun himself. The paper will get over its lamentable indignation, and Broun, I daresay, will grow more judicious as his arteries ossify. As for me, I shall continue to read both, and to be glad that journalism in America, despite its gradual descent to the level of the pants business, still has room for them. I ascribe the whole sad affair to prohibition. In the old days, editors and their slaves frequently fought each other with bung-starters, but they never resorted to slanging one another in public. I long for the return of the saloon, precisely as it was when I was young and happy.

Upton Sinclair

Author of "The Brass Check" and "Money Writes"

It is interesting to watch the attempts being made to place a limitation upon the private ownership of newspapers and magazines, and to convert them into public-service institutions. Just how far it can succeed is a problem. Needless to say, as a Socialist I am in favor of public ownership rather than of regulation. Mr. Heywood Broun, I gather, is not a Socialist, but a liberal, and believes that the private owner can be regulated and forced to act in the public welfare—which includes the maintaining for Mr. Broun of the right, enjoyed by all other American citizens, to criticize the *New York World*. But the *World*, you see, will have none of that nonsense. The *World* is a private money-making institution, and it claims to own not

merely its building and its presses but also its authors, and it permits these authors to write for the *World* only upon condition that they shall forswear the elemental right of American citizens to criticize the *World*. So it has "booted Mr. Broun into the street"—which is the only part of America left for those who do not happen to be owners. He can now exercise his right to make faces at the Pulitzer Building—but, alas, he will no longer have that weekly check. Such is the law of private ownership, and all that we Socialists can do is to extend to Mr. Broun our sympathy, and hope that he will use his brains upon the incident and join us in our demand for public ownership and democratic administration of the instruments and means of publicity. It may be, of course, that he will be more impatient, and prefer the program of a newspapermen's soviet. If so, all power to the soviets!

Roy W. Howard

Editor and Publisher, the New York Telegram

I believe our answer to your letter of May 10 is found in the fact that on Thursday, May 17, Mr. Heywood Broun's column "It Seems to Me" starts in the *New York Telegram*. We are very happy to have Mr. Broun on the staff, and while we have no expectation that his ideas will always coincide with the editorial opinions of the *Telegram*, we have no fear that any interest of ours will be compromised by anything Mr. Broun may say under his own signature.

A Few Things Altered or Abolished

By EDNA FERBER

[*This is the second of a series of articles in which various persons describe the world they would like to live in. The first appeared on May 16. Others will follow.*]

CERTAIN words there are which always have had for me an unadult and amateurish sound. They may be high-spoken words, and dressy, beginning in "psy" and ending in "ist." They may be many-syllabled and magniloquent (which last, by the way, is one of them). But no matter how grown-up they may appear, they still are, in some inexplicable way, slightly ridiculous in my eyes. They have all the convincingness of the Graduation Class Prophecy delivered on Commencement Day by Mary Louise Moss (in white organdie and a thin, scared voice) at Ryan High School, Appleton, Wisconsin.

Utopia is one of these words.

You will find Utopia prominent in all high-school graduation-class prophecies. It has been known to rise to the dignity, even, of the class valedictory (Ernie Schultz, in long pants). But it isn't a word for adults.

I do not long for a perfect world. It sounds flat. No description of heaven that has not bored me. I remember reading, some years ago, "Men Like Gods," by H. G. Wells, and a duller lot of sissies I hope never to meet. In this Wellsian Utopia everybody was beautiful, polite, and shiny. Nature glittered. The roads were, I believe, made of platinum, or some such high-priced stuff, and there was no traffic problem. No corner cop fixed you with a baleful eye as he shamed you before the crowd by bellowing: "Hey! Get back there, you big boob! Where do you think you're driving at! A fire? I got a mind to give you a ticket."

In this super-world of Mr. Wells you picked a pear off a convenient tree and ate it, and its sly juices did not run down your neck and spot your garment. It merely melted on the tongue and vanished. There was no core. Now, I like cores, myself. If, unexpectedly, there's a worm in it, that, too, adds to the interest.

All the really charming people of my acquaintance—the people I practically adore—are just terrible. They are faulty, careless, selfish, lying, negligent, and generally undependable. I also number among my acquaintance a few perfect people, or nearly. There seems to be almost nothing wrong with them. When they telephone, asking me to dine—or won't I drop in for tea?—or will I be at home at about five some day next week?—I find myself saying, hurriedly, that I am going to Chicago to see my sister, and do call me again, won't you, the end of next month.

Still, there are in this world (or in a newly constructed one) a few things that I should like altered or abolished. In the event (God forbid) of a Utopia of my creating, war—pestilence—crime—catastrophes of nature—would, I suppose, all be done away with. Of course, that would deprive us of Napoleon, Florence Nightingale, Nero, Jesus, Alexander, and a lot of good reading, including the Bible. But all these forces could be used for good. There are people who will say that character—and even genius—comes to flower only under crisis or adversity. That probably isn't true. A Utopia would prove it, at least.

There would be no people who whip or spank little children.

Something would be done about that spectacular failure

of modern so-called civilization—marriage. At present it seems to be All Wrong. So far no substitute arrangement has been made which is an improvement over it. Free love is too exacting. There is missing from it the agreeable equanimity of the marriage tie. It's the difference between a fire in a fireplace and a blaze from a dropped match. The one you can warm yourself by. The other, gaining headway, is likely to wreck the building.

Automobiles would be banished. This would, doubtless, have some fatal effect on Trade. That's all right with me.

There would be no Young American Novelists who present scenes from Wisconsin, Illinois, New York, and Paris through the myopic eyes of third assistant Dostoevskis and Chekhovs.

Malice, jealousy, spite, and gossip would be done away with.

Everyone who wanted to work would work.

Everyone would have a garden and at least one tree,

and open wood-burning fireplaces would be compulsory.

There would exist none of those people who say, "Do you want me to tell you the truth?" and, "I'm going to be perfectly frank with you."

All women would be beautiful.

Something would be done about childbirth pains.

There would be no such thing as old age. There is a beautiful myth that this process of enfeeblement and decay carries with it certain compensations. I'll bet it's a lie.

One would have plenty of time in which to read.

Churches would cease to be large stone and brick edifices to which people repaired once a week in their best clothes to be talked to about God.

Much beautiful music and dancing.

No corporeal fat or dirt.

No telephones.

No editors so unimaginative as to request writers to do articles on the subject of Utopia.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
May 19



THE Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the power trust continues to produce the most interesting news in Washington; and the newspapers, except the Hearst papers and a mere handful of others, continue to ignore it or "play it down." Not since the war has there been such a brazen example of deliberate and prolonged suppres-

sion. All the correspondents are talking about it, and some of them (privately, of course) can explain the cases of their individual papers. Unfortunately, there are newspaper owners who also own public-utility stock. Unfortunately, too, there are effective ways by which utility companies can exercise pressure. Financially, socially, and otherwise, the president of the local gas, electric, telephone, or street-railway company usually is a man of influence; not infrequently he plays golf with the owner of the local paper. Another explanation may lie in the fact that the newspapers themselves have been among the worst sufferers from the investigation. How often my professional heart has pounded with pride while the principal speaker at an editorial banquet denounced those slanderers who would insinuate that a newspaper's editorial or news columns are ever influenced by the paid advertising that it receives! But listen to the disillusioning words of Mr. Joe Carmichael, a working journalist of twenty years' experience until he embarked on the more lucrative employment of disseminating publicity favorable to the public-utility companies in the State of Iowa.

"WITHOUT exception," he testified this week, "the public relations of those companies which advertise in the newspapers are better than those which do not. . . . A newspaper could hardly be expected to take a favorable attitude toward a company that refuses to advertise. . . . Since taking my present position, I have been responsible for an increase of 1,000 per cent in the volume of paid advertising given to the newspapers by the public-utility companies of Iowa."

"Is there any doubt in your mind that this helped you to get your publicity matter printed in the news columns?" inquired Chief Counsel Healy.

"No," was the frank answer.

"Of course, all this matter was propaganda?"

"Yes, it was."

"And there was absolutely nothing in it to inform the reader that it had been written by an employee of the utility companies?"

"No, but the newspapers knew who wrote it when they printed it."

"The sentiments contained in this material were sometimes reflected in the editorial columns of the papers which printed it?"

"Yes."

The foregoing is a fair specimen. Indeed, it is mild compared with the testimony of some of the others. The power trust's propaganda agent in Ohio estimated that 20 per cent of the papers in that State regularly publish his "stuff" just as he sends it to them, and that a considerable number of them actually print it in the form of editorials!

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WHILE the present generation of rate-payers is being reconciled, through the newspapers, to stock-watering and extortion, the mind of the next generation is being poisoned, through the schools, against public ownership. The scandal of the "poisoned textbooks" has spread from

Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Illinois to Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, and the Carolinas. In Iowa the regular school textbooks which did not, in the opinion of the power moguls, adequately present the advantages of private ownership, were thrown out. When the propaganda boys could not succeed directly through the superintendents and principals, they called on the local utility magnates to get busy with the members of the school boards. To fill the vacancy thus created, the utility companies magnanimously supplied booklets free of charge, prepared by their own staff. In Missouri five such books were introduced into the high schools, and it is the boast of those who engineered the introduction that they are now being studied by 93 per cent of the high-school students in the State. The savant who directed the writing of these books formerly was a baseball writer on a St. Louis newspaper! In Nebraska the utilities are not yet fully organized, hence only 5,000 copies of their private textbooks have been placed in the schools, but the power executives are fully awakened to their opportunities, as was demonstrated by one of them who sent to Chicago for additional books, with the observation: "There is a fertile field for this sort of work in a State which can produce a Howell and a Norris."

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ONE wonders what the school authorities of the country purpose to do about this business. Are they completely cowed? Notwithstanding the wretched part which a majority of the newspapers have played in withholding these facts or softening them with obscure language, enough has been told to inform teachers and officials. Indeed, they have only to look at their own shelves to see these miserable "textbooks." Thus far there has been no general or resounding protest. It is high time that someone in authority arose and demanded that this venomous rubbish be kicked into the street, and that those responsible for its presence be held to account. I have said some unkind things in this place about Harry F. Sinclair; but I have never accused him of deliberately plotting to poison the minds of all the school-children in the country. Meantime, Mr. Owen D. Young, the leading figure in the power industry in this country, eloquently tells the United States Chamber of Commerce that respectable business must purge itself of men who violate ethics and offend against decency. What has Mr. Young to say about the "poison squad" which the power industry has sent against the school-children of the United States? What has he to say about the systematic prostitution of the newspapers?

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IT used to be said that Herbert Hoover was too pure to succeed in politics. He would never be able to climb down from his lofty pedestal and stoop to the unsavory practices which politicians think are necessary to win nominations and elections. He seemed entirely too high-minded for their purposes. Disclosures before the Senate committee on campaign expenditures reveal him in a somewhat different light. As a consequence, the politicians are ready to clasp him to their bosom as one of their own. They were a bit mistaken in him. Here, after all, is a man after their own heart. The practical way in which Mr. Hoover went after Southern delegates convinced the politicians that their earlier fears were groundless. When defeatist propaganda menaced his campaign, did he sit down and despair? Never. His managers simply engaged the services of a few of the

more talented jobbers of the Harding regime, supplied them with the sinews of politics, and in a twinkling the boom began to reinflate. Rush Holland, erstwhile assistant to Harry Daugherty, was chosen to head the Dixie mission. Mr. Holland armed himself with a little bag of cash—not much, but enough—toured the States of Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, and quickly rounded up all the delegates in the market. He testified before the Senate committee that he spent only a little over \$10,000, most of it going to Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. In these States, the delegations will be virtually solid for Hoover. All for \$10,000! Delegates apparently are not so expensive this year. Everyone but the impeccable Hoover has been afraid to bid for them.

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WHILE Holland was bringing home the bacon from Dixieland, another of our old favorites of the bonnie era of Harding, Daugherty, and Fall joined the Hoover forces in Washington and opened headquarters to help the chaste candidate's campaign. He was none other than George Lockwood, the former secretary of the Republican National Committee, who sent the malodorous Blair Coan to Montana to "frame" Senator Wheeler in a frantic and unsuccessful effort to block the exposure of the Ohio Gang then engaged in looting the Government. Mr. Lockwood testified he is working for Hoover solely out of patriotism. He doesn't expect to get a thing out of it, either before or after election. Politics with him, he said, is "a disease." In his case, we agree, it is a virulent disease. Will Hays, it seems, is not doing much for the Hoover campaign, although he is reported to be heartily in sympathy with it. Mr. Vare, of Pennsylvania, however, is ready to deliver his delegates to Hoover and the silent Mr. Mellon now thinks his Cabinet colleague better fitted than anyone else to fill Coolidge's shoes. Bascom Slemp has the Virginia delegates roped and tied for Hoover. We may find other equally public-spirited citizens enrolled under the Hoover banner when the balloting begins at Kansas City.

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AND yet—although Calvin has thrice put away the crown, and although the saintly Andrew utters words of praise—there lingers an uneasiness in the Hoover camp which will not down. Not all of them are yet convinced that Mr. Coolidge meant it. More than one Cassius whispers to inquire why the President signed the flood-control bill which he virtually had threatened to veto. A Senator interested in the bill, speaking of the amendments which were offered as the reason for Mr. Coolidge's change of front, declared they had "no more relation to the main issues than the mountains of Mars," and added: "Either he is still a candidate, or he hasn't the faintest idea what this bill is about." Another incident occurs to thicken the gloom which, rather naturally, surrounds Mr. Hoover. The national committeeman from a Northwestern State, upon observing the slightly faded bouquet which Secretary Mellon had pinned on his Cabinet colleague, hastened to Washington to tell Mr. Mellon that Hoover could not possibly carry the committeeman's State against Smith. Following the conference which ensued, the committeeman emerged and proceeded to tell all the politicians in Washington that the Pennsylvania delegation was a long way from being committed to Hoover, and that he had reason to believe Mellon was not for the Secretary of Commerce.

Albania: Land of the Eagle

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

I HAVE called Albania the Land of the Eagle because that is a translation of the Albanians' own name for their country. Their name is derived from the word "Shkipon," which means an eagle, and the Albanian flag is a black eagle upon a red ground. No name could suit the country better. From the eastern coast of the Adriatic, separated from Italy by little over fifty miles of sea, the land rises rapidly into ranges of lofty and craggy mountains, fit homes for eagles, or for men who are as like eagles as men can be. Within her present boundaries, Albania is barely 200 miles long, and little over 70 miles across, but those precipitous mountains, with their difficult passes, make the country seem much larger than it really is: especially if you are creeping over it upon a slow-stepping pony, which is the quickest means of transport unless you walk. When I was last there, the country had no railways, but now I hear talk of a little railway along the coast.

If you enter by way of Montenegro, you will pass down the long lake of Scutari, which brings you to the largest Albanian town. Scutari is dominated by a fortress rock that, under the Venetians, held out long against the Turks in the sixteenth century, as you may see depicted on a painting in the Doge's palace at Venice. Or you may enter by way of Durazzo, the ancient Dyrrachium, where Caesar was shut up by Pompey's army at a crisis in the world's history. Thence you can proceed inland through Tirana, the present capital, and Elbasan, the second largest town, until, after crossing the mountain range by the central pass, you suddenly descend upon the lake of Ochrida, which I believe to be the most beautiful lake in the world. At its northern end, Albania's chief river, the Drin, runs out, but on the other sides the lake is surrounded by high mountains, and the water is so deep and pure that its surface takes every color from the sky—wild grays and noble purples in the center, shading into greens where the brief shadows begin. At the northern end stands the village of Struga, where the lake's huge trout (called "the golden trout") are captured—in wattle traps, I am sorry to say. Near by is the ancient city of Ochrida, once an outpost upon the famous Egnation Way, linking Rome with Constantinople. It was afterward occupied by the Bulgarian, Serbian, and Turkish empires in turn, but it has now again fallen under Serbian rule as part of Yugoslavia. At the southern end of the lake you reenter Albanian territory, and so proceed southward to Koritza or Kortcha, the third Albanian town in size, but perilously near the frontier of modern Greece, which is always looking across at it with greedy eyes.

The position of the little country gives it an importance out of proportion to its size, for it controls the entrance to the Adriatic on the east coast, and last fall it concluded the Treaty of Tirana with Italy, which commands the entrance on the west coast.

Albania has been recognized by the League of Nations as an independent state, but it has powerful and hostile neighbors—Montenegro (now included in Yugoslavia) on the north; Macedonia (also now included in Yugoslavia) on the east; and Greece on the south. And there lies Italy just

across the narrow sea on the west. By the last treaty, Italy asserts a predominant influence over the country, and Italian priests have long controlled education among the Catholic tribes in the north. But Yugoslavia jealously watches the possibility of an Italian protectorate that would close the entrance of the Adriatic whenever Italy desires, and would also give Italians the advantage of concessions in the possible oil-fields, and the actual forests of the Valona oak, so valuable for dyes. Undoubtedly it was in fear of such a protectorate that Yugoslavia (on November 11, last) concluded a "friendly" alliance with France, and that is where the present danger lies.

The Albanian race is of extreme antiquity. The language, which was never printed till about fifty years ago, and then in a stupidly composed alphabet, has been connected by German scholars with an early form of ancient Greek, but the people are now quite distinct from the Greeks. Overrun by one set of conquerors after another, they remain a separate and definite nationality, much as they were when Albania was the Roman province of Illyria and they produced the great Emperor Diocletian. Religion has always sat rather lightly upon them, and after their national hero, Skanderbeg, failed to stem the Turkish invasion in the fifteenth century, the majority easily adapted themselves to Islam. About two-thirds of the population (which may be counted at nearly a million) are still Mohammedans, though many of these belong to the mystical and purified sect of the Bektashi. In the north, under Italian influence, the tribes are mainly Catholic; in the south, under Greek influence, they belong mainly to the Orthodox church.

Women make the whole of the clothing at home. They spin the thread from wool or goat's hair as they walk, twisting the spindles between the fingers of the right hand. They dye the yarn, usually with madder or blue, and weave the stuff upon wooden looms. The men's dress is of rough white serge or frieze, striped with carefully embroidered black braid, which is arranged according to the traditions of each tribe, so that I soon learned which tribe a man belonged to, as in the case of Highland tartans.

The women's dress consists mainly of a dark Zouave jacket, a dark shirt, a heavy, long skirt, dyed in rings of various colors, an embroidered cap, and a very broad and heavy belt, studded with brass or silver nails, and apparently not so unwholesome as it looks. Like other Balkan peoples, the Albanians seldom undress, but the women remove their heavy belts at night.

Maize, kneaded into a heavy and sticky kind of bread, is the staple food, and I am told it is very sustaining to those who can swallow it. Occasionally a sheep is slaughtered, and its limbs are thrown into a vast cauldron, which is set in the midst of a family and their guests. Then each fishes with his hand for a suitable portion, and devours it in primitive fashion. In a Christian tribe, the women stand around to serve, and to hold red-hot coals for lighting cigarettes. Among the Mohammedans, of course, the women are not seen, or only very seldom. On arrival, after a long day's ride, at the house of a chief or rich bey, I was received with

such honor that he would send out his men to kill everything that breathed in the way of bird or beast, and serve me with some twelve or fourteen courses at midnight, while retainers stood by, holding lamps or pine-torches. In the morning he set me on my way with a tiny cup of Turkish coffee, and I often wished for a more equable distribution of sustenance.

The population, especially in the north, where the Ghegs live, is divided into distinct tribes or clans, each directed by a council of the older men, under a hereditary *bariaktar* or standard-bearer who is expected to lead the tribe in war but may be deposed if he is a fool. Within the tribe there are no villages, as we understand them, but the houses, usually of stone, stand far apart in their own fields or pastures and communication is kept up by loud shouting such as echoed around the mountains whenever I was seen approaching.

The curse of Albania is the blood-feud, often persisting for several generations in succession, each family trying to kill the next of kin in turn, the victim being sometimes a mere child. Women, however, do not count in a blood-feud. No Albanian woman is ever executed, nor may you slay your enemy in a blood-feud when a woman is with him. Failing murder, the burning of a house is a common form of justice. At the doorway of each house a stone bracket projects, on which you hang your rifle to show you do not intend to kill anyone indoors.

A girl is usually purchased at birth to be the wife of a boy born about the same time and her father is paid half the money down. At about sixteen she will be married to the boy, who may not refuse her. She, however, may refuse him, but in that case her father has to repay the purchase money, and she must take the vow of perpetual maidenhood. She becomes what is called an "Albanian virgin," and is regarded as a kind of nun; but she dresses as a man and carries a rifle. If she marries anyone else, a blood-feud is the immediate result and her husband will be shot at sight, if found. I have met many of these Albanian maids, but no man seemed in a hurry to marry one.

In the Driftway

MISS ANNE MORGAN is the daughter of one of America's most famous "captains of industry," and, as the Drifter has always heard, a liberal donor to various philanthropies and causes. She came to him in a new guise the other day. With something of a shock he saw her face peering out of a half-page newspaper advertisement in an indorsement of a brand of cigarettes. She was quoted as saying:

A decorator once told me that to appreciate the texture of a fabric or the glaze of a vase one's eyes should be closed. And to enjoy the fragrance of a perfume one should close one's eyes—one's other senses seem all the keener. That was the convincing thing about the blindfold test. The aroma and flavor of one cigarette were so marked, the smoothness so obvious, that I chose it instantly.

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NOW, the Drifter has no objection to smoking by women—provided they do it because they like to and not merely for fear they'll be called Victorian if they don't. Neither does he object to Miss Morgan's earning money through trade testimonials if she needs it that badly. But

he does object when she or anybody else gives support to such a fiction as that among ordinary cigarettes a person can tell one brand from another when blindfolded. The Drifter has helped make such tests and heard reliable reports of various others, and in no instance has the person tested made anything but a fizzle of the trial. Indeed, in a smoke-filled room a blindfolded person often cannot tell even whether a cigarette is lighted or not. The whole theory of differences among the ordinary sorts of cigarettes is largely a fallacy, ingeniously stimulated by the advertisement of individual excellencies which nobody ever thought of until a high-priced copy-writer put his imagination to work. Not only do rival manufacturers seek to out-sell each other, but a single company pushes simultaneously a string of different brands, each under an alluring slogan, with the apparent idea that such of the public as do not respond to one set of catchwords will be won by another.

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THE Drifter has many friends who insist that there is only one brand of cigarette worth smoking. They even go so far as to look a gift cigarette suspiciously in the mouth and to reject it superciliously if it is not their favorite. Three months later the subject bobs up again and these persons are just as sure that there is only one brand of cigarette deserving of their attention—but it is a different one from that so earnestly boosted three months before! Probably there are fifty to a hundred *brands* of cigarettes sold in the United States—and not more than half a dozen appreciably different *kinds*. Brands come and go with the demands of salesmanship, but the raw material and the processes of manufacture undergo no such rapid changes. Without professing to know the secrets of the trade, the Drifter ventures to believe that when a brand of cigarettes fails to sell, word goes forth not to alter the product but to change the name.

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MOTHER'S DAY was celebrated uneventfully by the Drifter. Not being a mother he did not receive any messages or flowers, and not being a blanked idiot he did not send any. He did, however, receive a statement from the Western Union Telegraph Company, "released on receipt," in which it was explained that some 600 messages were sent by land lines or cables when Mother's Day began in 1910, while in 1927 "one telegraph company" (is it betraying a secret to guess that it was the respected Western Union?) carried 200,000 such telegrams. Oh, dear!

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ALSO the Drifter received some sample telegrams. Some of them were "To Mothers from Kiddies," such as

Daddy sez youse the sweetest Mother ever was,
And I think just like Daddy does.

Another one of these Miltonian messages ran:

To the very dearest Mother anybody ever had;
I know you like me better when I'm good than when I'm bad.

Recommended for the use of older persons was this crystal-line gem: "I wish I was a kiddie again, so you could sing me to sleep with a baby lullaby. I'm thinking of you on Mother's Day." Or, if this was not sufficiently saccharine, one might telegraph: "Mother's Day greetings to a wonderful Mother. May the sunshine of your heart find a rainbow in every cloud that casts a shadow o'er your life." Oh, slush!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

That Liberal Newspaper

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Broun wants a liberal paper in New York why doesn't he organize a financial group to make him the editorial director of the kind of newspaper he believes would be liberal? His point of view would then be that of a public citizen subjected to pressures in the performance of an altruistic mission, and he would have ample opportunity to test his theory that a liberal newspaper in New York is possible. I know of only two liberal newspapers—the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Baltimore Sun*—and I doubt if either could be liberal in New York City and show a profit.

It would be most interesting to me as a newspaperman and as a liberal thinker to see Heywood Broun at the head of his own newspaper, using *The Nation* to boost it and calling to his support all American liberals. But I am sure his editorship would hamper rather than help its cause unless he published it as a real newspaper of liberal policies, and not as a personal organ. No newspaper can be liberal toward society as a whole unless it is impersonal in its editorship, or unless the editor is as big personally as he wants his paper to be.

Baltimore, May 14

ANOTHER LIBERAL

The Press and the Power Trust

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has it occurred to you that the lack of news concerning the Federal Trade Commission investigation of the activities of the public utilities is due to a psychological twist of working newspapermen and not to any financial club held over them by the "power trust"?

If ever you sat at an editorial desk and saw the flood of stuff the utilities send out in various and picturesque forms, the Washington investigation would not be news to you. Rarely does any of this get into the New York papers, despite the boasts of the utilities agents, who, after all, must make their living and like to paint a brilliant picture of their activities for their bosses.

That it was bad news judgment for the papers not to give the inquiry a better run cannot be gainsaid, but that they were suppressing the news is patently absurd. Jaundiced by the flood of copy from the utilities press agents, the editors just missed the story because the "power trust" was an old tale to them. Only recently have they begun to realize that it is news to their readers and space in every paper is being increased.

Baldwin, L. I., May 10

BERT MACDONALD

First-rate Writers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Clifton P. Fadiman's explanation of the impatience of the younger generation for the "elder" novelists deserves commendation, but while it is news to no one that the older writers like Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser are sociological in outlook, a change of attitude (from the sociological or infantile-psychological to the aesthetic, say) does not imply that we are going to have better writers. An exchange of brevities—Croce for Karl Marx or Freud—marks no advance in sophistication or culture. Nor does it improve one's writing. I have an English neighbor who, whenever I mention André Gide, tells me that he had been occupied with similar technical problems before Gide ever thought of them. In a measure he

is right. Nevertheless, my neighbor is not a first-rate novelist.

It is the business of criticism, I believe, to determine and isolate not only the process of the individual writer, but the general process of which he happens to be a part. Forms of logic, forms of science change, but man invents his own reasons for living and working, because he must. Every form of logic can produce a great thinker or truth-seeker; every process of writing (sociological, aesthetic, or what-not) can give us first-rate writers. Of the older generation Theodore Dreiser, I hold, is one of these. Of the younger writers—but I advise Mr. Fadiman to scrutinize his list of names. Surely he is not so naive as to believe the social viewpoint dead for good. . . . It will come back under another name, trailing a new Freudianism.

Seeaux, France, March 24

PIERRE LOVING

Why Remember?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Eight years ago this month, May 5, 1920, one of the most famous cases the world has ever seen began in Massachusetts with the arrest of two unknown Italian workers. So deeply, so firmly did the tragic story of Sacco and Vanzetti become imbedded in the minds of men, such a grasp did it get on the imagination of the world, that it seems destined to take its place in history along with the story of Joan of Arc and pass down through the ages ever an inexhaustible source of ideas.

One of the main reasons why the Sacco-Vanzetti case should be kept in the foreground of America's memory lies in that pitiful document known as the Lowell Report. Nothing could show in a more terrible way that culture, learning, wealth, and high position do not keep out the ravages prejudice makes on the human mind. Its crude, clumsy pretenses at impartiality make it one of the weakest excuses ever offered for legal murder. It is not that President Lowell, Judge Grant, and President Stratton were trying to get away with something; it is that they did not even realize that they had something to try to get away with.

There are still thousands of honest, sincere people who cannot believe that the Governor of one of our oldest and most respectable States and the president of one of the most esteemed universities in the country could permit two men to be killed for their opinions. They have faith in the integrity of the men appointed on Governor Fuller's committee, and, not having read the report carefully, if at all, take it to be a fair document drawn up by unbiased men. The Sacco-Vanzetti National League believes that report one of the most vicious documents ever offered to society. One of its primary purposes, therefore, is to expose the black prejudice of the Lowell Report. Under the editorship of Professor Karl Llewellyn of the Columbia University Law School a book analyzing the Lowell Report is being sponsored by the Sacco-Vanzetti National League. This book will be a collection of articles by well-known authorities in law, philosophy, and literature, many of whom have not yet expressed themselves publicly on the case or the Lowell Report. This book is to appear in August, on the anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

The Sacco-Vanzetti National League, Room 2008, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York, has nearly a thousand general members and more than a hundred national advisory committee members. Robert Morss Lovett is chairman, Mrs. Elizabeth Gledower Evans and Robert L. Hale of the Columbia Law School are vice-chairmen, and B. W. Huebsch is treasurer. The executive committee includes Leonard D. Abbott, Forrest Bailey, Paul F. Brissenden, Stuart Chase, Michael A. Cohen, John Lovejoy Elliott, Morris L. Ernst, Norman Hapgood, Jessica Henderson, John Haynes Holmes, Karl Llewellyn, and Arthur Warner. All interested in this organization are invited to communicate with the executive secretary.

New York, May 1

HORACE RANSELL

Books and Plays

A Man Who Is at Home Within Himself

By ROBERTA HOLLOWAY

Because he is at home within himself,
A taper warms him when the sun is cold.
He doesn't mind mice gnawing at his shelf;
He isn't bothered if his cheeses mold.
Though white roots creep beneath foundation stone,
And white moths breed in carpets on the floor,
Though chimneys blacken, and the lean winds groan
Like unfed ancient beggars at his door,
He still is shelter to himself, and still
He ornaments with dreams a narrow space;
And if he finds an empty niche to fill,
He buys an image with a saintly face.
If there are strangers passing in the rain,
He never thinks of them, and so abides.
Lone owls may call, and whippoorwills again
Cry in the hills where deathly shadow hides;
And on long thirsty nights the wild, hard fire
Of moon and stars may drive men sick with love—
He draws his blinds, and leaves no door ajar.
Or if, above him, hungry swimmers move
Through the night sky, and some pale planet falls
Shuddering down chaos in a crescent groove,
He looks to crannies widening in his walls.

Pipe Dreams and Drug Addiction

Opium. By John Palmer Gavit. Brentano's. \$3.50.

THE general conception of the word "opium" held by a woefully uninformed public originates in the imaginative confessions of a De Quincey or the sensational stories, plays, and screen pictures of the standardized Oriental "den of vice." The mental picture is of a pellet at one end of a pipe and a Chinaman at the other. But "opium" in its international implications involves two separate consumer problems: first, the Oriental eater of raw opium or smoker of prepared opium, and second, the user of habit-forming drugs whether derived from the poppy plant, the coca leaf, Indian hemp, or what-not. Opium, in fact, involves a great complexity of problems of production and distribution, of politics and economics, of world competition for foreign markets, of legislation and preventive measures, and even of such apparently distantly related matters as the importation of coolie labor, the form of marine-insurance policies, parcel-post rules, and the disciplining of ship captains. And everywhere the spoken and written word dealing with the subject is saturated with bias, with self-interest, or with emotion. To be able to bring some sort of order out of this welter of confusion is no mean task; and to compress between the covers of an ordinary-sized volume an interesting and readable presentation of the entire problem, without partisanship or emotion, is a laudable accomplishment. Just this has been done by John Palmer Gavit in a volume entitled "Opium"—with not too much argument or citation or history, with just enough example to make the matter clear, and with all the skill of the trained journalist who has the proper perspective of the subject as a whole.

Outside of the comparatively small problem of the United States in dealing with opium smoking in the Philippines, our interest in the problem of opium smoking and opium eating is largely a general humanitarian one. There is every reason to believe that these vices have decreased in the last twenty years; but it is well known that the world use of habit-forming drugs has greatly increased. Mr. Gavit properly puts the stress on the latter evil, and criticizes United States policy, at least as it existed up to the close of the international conference in Geneva in 1924-1925, for not recognizing in international dealings the greater importance of the drug problem. The book throws some interesting side-lights on the Geneva conference, gives an estimate of the personalities of some of the delegates, and very fittingly questions a policy which sends to an international conference requiring unanimity a delegation with binding instructions not to sign any convention which does not adopt the American formula. Incidentally, attention may be called to the immediate impracticability of the formula, which is, in effect, drastically and rapidly to reduce the growing of the offending plants to the medicinal and scientific needs of the world, regardless of conditions that may exist in producing and consuming countries, regardless of the smuggling factor, and regardless of the possibility that smokers and eaters of opium may become drug addicts.

Mr. Gavit, in an introductory note, gives credit to India for her recent adoption of a policy of wiping out her export of opium during a ten-year period. His book shows where the producing countries, India, Persia, China, Turkey, and smaller producers, have been or are at fault, although he believes China has been much sinned against; and he indicates some of the difficulties involved in trying to induce these countries to enter upon a poppy-uprooting campaign.

So far as overproduction of drugs is concerned, the United States method of control of the factories within its borders and of the limitation upon export works admirably, and the general opinion is that Great Britain is also making a sincere effort. Not such a clean bill of health can yet be given to the other large manufacturing countries: Switzerland, Germany, France, Holland, Japan. That they could adequately limit manufacture and export is evident from what the United States has accomplished. Mr. Gavit quotes Sir John Campbell's speech at the ninth session of the Opium Advisory Committee:

Every person in this room knows the reason for the illicit traffic, and understands the nature of the only possible remedy. It is unjust and an entire misconception to blame the League of Nations or the Opium Advisory Committee. Neither has any power to compel sovereign nations to keep the word they already have solemnly given. There are at most fifty—perhaps not more than forty—drug factories in the whole world. By the Hague Convention the individual governments assumed definite obligations to *limit the manufacture, sale, and use of these narcotic drugs to legitimate purposes*, and to cooperate in the fulfilment of these obligations. The governments have not done this. The solemn international obligations have not been fulfilled.

In the last chapter of his book Mr. Gavit suggests how the drug evil may be attacked, asks for more real facts, makes general recommendations, and calls for the union of all organizations working toward the suppression of the evil. He closes thus:

Meanwhile, the old enemy, opium proper, in new and immensely more venomous and devastating forms, with new allies and in overwhelming quantities, directed by some of the most competent organizing brains in the world, united by the powerful motive of greed and aided by discord in the defense, is beating us in detail, and on all the fronts.

Mr. Gavit's "Opium" is the most interesting general book on the subject.

HERBERT L. MAY

Or Perhaps for Ourselves

A Mirror for Witches. By Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

"IN which," the author adds, "is reflected the Life, Machinations, and Death of Famous Doll Bilby, who, with a more than feminine perversity, preferred a Demon to a Mortal Lover. Here is also told how and why a Righteous and Most Awful Judgement befell her, destroying both Corporeal Body and Immortal Soul."

When, in my efforts to retail this exciting story to some friends, I reached the demon lover, they asked of course if he were really a demon. I knew that if he were really a demon their interest, as indeed my own before I read the book, would drop dead, shot on the wing; and so, being in propagandist mood and eager to transmit my enthusiasm for the story, I was glad to be able to reassure them: "Oh, no, not really a demon. Doll only thought he was a demon, but he was really a bloody pirate." To which a man observed: "Thank God. Then she really had something after all." So each generation hides its head in the fog bank of its prevailing ideas. Our generation believes in the reality of those things we see and touch. Doll's generation believed in the reality of the unseen. They believed in God, and, as a corollary, in the Devil. They believed in fairies and elves, in witches and nymphs and succubi.

Believing in evil, they tried to conquer it, and so one day the French burned two hundred devil worshipers in one great holocaust at Mont Hoël in Brittany. "Black smoke, screams of death, stench of flesh, settled down over town and harbor, causing sickness and even vomiting. . . . On that same day, by evil fortune, a brig manned by Dawlish men stood in the Bouche de Saint-Hoël. These men, seeing that it was the fête day, and curious because of the smoke, the screams and the stench, went to the holocaust. There they saw a wild child, more animal or goblin than human being. This wild child would have followed her mother, who burned in the heart of the fire, if soldiers had not pushed her back. A priest bade the soldiers let her pass to death, for, being of witch-people, she would undoubtedly burn sooner or later. The Englishmen protested, and Mr. Jared Bilby, captain and owner of the brig, caught and held the wild child, who did not struggle against him as she had against the soldiers." Instead she clung to him and he to her. "He took her in his arms, and she lay corpse-pale and glass-eyed, like one about to die. This men remembered. When he put her down upon the deck of the brig, he was badly sweated as though his burden had been more than he, a strong young man, could bear."

And so Doll came to England, where Mr. Bilby's wife gave her a scant welcome, crying out in horror that this was no child. "This was an imp, a monkey, a pug." And so in time Doll came to the New World, to Cowans Corners, which is near Salem. "Mrs. Hannah protested that if the child went, she would not. Then would he (Bilby) humor and praise her, so that at last she went, although with much bad grace." For Mrs. Hannah never got over her early hatred of the child her husband loved, or lessened her conviction that her own long sterility would have come to an end but for Doll. She beat and abused and half-starved the girl, and in time, when Bilby was dead and could no longer protect her, all the neighbors came to share her belief that Doll was in league with the foul fiend, that she had bewitched the Thumb's bull Ahab and put a spell upon her lover, young Titus Thumb.

Yet no one who reads the story of Doll's love will doubt that she "had something after all." She gave her fiend soul and body, "both as act of impious homage and of true love." Even when she lay dead in the cell in Salem to which the Captain of the Guards had taken her, "with her round eyes open to the ceiling, her expression was one of peace and content," though "whatever she might have borne was dead within her."

Doll's wild running through the house when her earthly lover came solemnly to woo her, her dawning belief in her own evil, her insistence that the fiend should marry her properly, her painstaking efforts to learn to be a really efficient witch, her ecstatic joy when at last she finds something to which she can belong, Mr. Zelle's futile struggles to save her from the ignorance and superstition about them, Bilby's futile efforts to protect her with his love, Titus Thumb's cupidity and passion, Goody Greene's unavailing understanding, Mrs. Hannah's jealous hatred, Doll's own fantastic, loyal, beautiful, twisted nature, a snare for the emotions even of a godly man, Judge Bride's learning and acumen and his final desertion of her—all these are set before us with a pen that is as witty as it is tender, that is adroit and quick and sure.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The Immoral Ninon

The Immortal Ninon. By Cecil Austin. Illustrated. Brentano's. \$3.50.

SHORTLY before he died Henri de l'Enclos left his twenty-two-year-old daughter a small dowry to live on and a neatly compact philosophy to live by. "You probably have many years to live," he said. "Make full use of them. Have no scruples as to the number of your pleasures but be fastidious in your choice." And, as became a dutiful child, Ninon faithfully executed her dying father's injunction for more than sixty years.

Fortunately the era in which she lived was exceptionally propitious. To a Parisian of the seventeenth century homely faces and homely virtues were marks of the canaille; a real aristocrat was one who assiduously studied to become perfectly adept in a code of polished vice. And yet perhaps that is hardly correct; for how can a social class be called vicious if the word vice meant no more to it than the word God? A complete insouciance toward metaphysical questions was probably the distinguishing trait of that magnificently artificial world whose members valued a fleeting dimple, a stray ringlet, or a well-curved arm as of immeasurably more importance than all the gods, whether pagan or Christian, on record. The Cathedral of Notre Dame itself shrank into insignificance beside the scandalous popularity of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and ten thousand curés were less interesting than one cavalier. "What you priests tell us is sheer nonsense," Ninon coolly informed a horrified confessor in her early teens. "I don't believe a single word of it." Duty, morality, and religion were words that had no meaning at all; or, if they did, why bother about it? Why bother about anything, in fact, except the only things that really mattered: youth and music and dancing and sparkling repartee and a complete—but ever fastidious—surrender to the sensations of the moment?

Over such a world as this Ninon ruled with queenly grace for more than half a century. The reason for her sovereign success apparently lies in the fact that in her personality the exquisite ideals of the time were most perfectly harmonized. She had a nimble wit, a lightning tongue, an even temperament, a fondness for Montaigne and Rabelais, and a genius for playing on the lute; but more than all she had physical allurements. Her biographer, motivated by a virtuous purpose that is delightfully anachronistic to the theme, avers that to a "much greater degree than is commonly supposed, Ninon was a moralist . . ." and adds that in the "field of sex she was a pioneer" who strove for woman's equality with man; nevertheless, as the preface candidly continues, "in other branches of conduct [than sex] Ninon was less original." The appalling list of lovers who popped up at every stage of her preposterously long career as a lady of complaisant—but always fastidious—virtue certainly bears out the truth of this admission. She was, we are told, "accustomed to surrender without useless parley, but in her eyes the victor acquired no prestige, much less any perma-

nent rights"; for, as she once informed an ardent wooer: "I will be faithful to you for three months, and that, you know, is an eternity for me." The present biography, in general an excellent bit of work, defends her from the charge of being mercenary; but the all-seeing Tallemant des Réaux, a friend and confidant of Ninon's, has told a far different tale. In any case age certainly did not wither her infinite variety. Almost at the end of her life, so the story runs, the luxurious old lady offered an impulsive youth this coy explanation for her temporary procrastination: "I mean that I wanted to wait until my birthday. I was eighty years old this morning."

A few years later, to be sure, she discovered that she was "sometimes weary of always doing the same thing"—it was high time, she decided, to make a will and her peace with God. She left to her confessor, "M. Brunet, fifty francs to say fifty masses for the repose of my soul"; to a recent friend, the youthful Voltaire, who sourly eyed her as an austere specimen of an austere age, she bequeathed a thousand francs for the purchase of books; and a little later she sank back quietly—but as fastidiously as of old—into the cold embrace of death.

R. F. DIBBLE

Answering Miss Mayo

A Son of Mother India Answers. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

NEAR the end of Mr. Mukerji's small book is an invitation to Miss Mayo to rewrite her "Mother India,"

... eliminating from the book all the errors and half-truths, thus reducing it to a quarter of its present size. By concentrating on the fivefold root of India's troubles and by removing all offensive generalizations, she could make a book that would be fair to the Hindus and yet help to cure them of their present social ills.

She ought not to hesitate to sacrifice her rather difficult thesis in order to bear down the full weight of her sympathy for the Hindu women and infants. If I were in her position I would not bother about sex being at the bottom of India's troubles. I would concentrate on the troubles that are provable. They are enough to keep one occupied.

This is the burden of Mr. Mukerji's protest. Using great moderation of language—rather in contrast with the picturesqueness and violence of Miss Mayo's—he points out a few of the many misrepresentations of "Mother India." Chiefly he deals with her statements concerning the depraved sex life of the Hindus, which she posits as the basis of all India's woes. He shows that she has no evidence for her generalizations about cohabitation before the wife reaches puberty, childbirth as soon after puberty as is physically possible, the prevalence of masturbation, the extent of sexual impotence among Hindu males, and that where we have evidence it contradicts her claims. He reproduces a number of protests to her book written by competent critics, including Mr. Gandhi's denial of the statements she attributes to him (see *The Nation* for November 2, 1927). On the points to which he takes exception he clearly has the better. There are many other points that could also have been met, but Mr. Mukerji apparently did not feel equal to writing in detail on the very wide variety of subjects—public health, sociology, economics, religion, politics—that Miss Mayo treats. What informed person would?

Mr. Mukerji need not flatter himself that Miss Mayo will accept his suggestion. Even if her publishers would consent to such drastic revision of a best seller, she herself seems to be unrepentant. In an address in Philadelphia in January she expressed again her faith in the propositions of her book, rejecting the many corrections that had been made by competent commentators, including the well-reasoned argument of Mr. Alden H. Clark in the February *Atlantic Monthly*, which she had seen in proof and described as "just a diatribe." Uncritical

before the publication of her book, she seems determined to remain the same.

Those who are given to snobbery and race prejudice or to a love of the morbid and pornographic will have their "Mother India" no matter in how many points it is shown false, and Mr. Mukerji's book is not for them. But those who are willing to subject her sweeping assertions to criticism will be glad to read his refutation of the ones he discusses.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Consolidating British Industry

Industry and Politics. By Sir Alfred Mond, M.P. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

MANY misfortunes have befallen British industry since the war and of them, perhaps, the most serious has been the pre-war-mindedness of the British industrialists. These gentlemen have been unable to realize the extent to which world economic conditions have changed. Instead of reorganizing industry and devising new methods of manufacturing and selling their products most of them have been waiting for the world to return to normalcy, to the pre-war *status quo*.

In the last few months, however, there have been signs of a more realistic approach to industrial problems. Mergers are being arranged; there are discussions with the continental cartels; mass-production methods are being introduced. Even the coal operators, the most stalwart defenders of *laissez faire*, have begun tentative negotiations for cooperative selling agencies. Finally we have in evidence this book of papers and addresses by Sir Alfred Mond. Sir Alfred is not a deep thinker on economic questions. His proposals are not particularly original, nor are they stated with any great skill. But, because he is a little more far-sighted and very much more successful than the majority of his fellow-industrialists, it may be fairly assumed that his views will, before long, form the common currency of business opinion.

About a year ago Sir Alfred engineered an almost complete merger in the heavy chemical industry. He believes that this is an example to other industries. Competition, he argues, is completely out of date, and must give way before rationalization, the current euphemism for trustification. He points out the possibilities of saving capital, reducing costs by mass production, and coordinating research, and dwells particularly on the advantages of preventing overproduction and thus stabilizing prices. In fact, it appears that the arguments in favor of rationalization of industry are almost identical with those for the nationalization of industry. But Sir Alfred naturally has no use for the latter, for, while he has abandoned some of the doctrines of *laissez faire*, he does not wish to surrender any of the privileges of private ownership. He looks to the state to protect capital but not to regulate it. And here even moderate liberals will part company with him. They will agree, readily enough, that British industries should be trustified, but they will point out that monopolies have their price—public control. This is a principle well recognized in regard to public utilities and one that will have to be extended to protect the consumers of coal, chemicals, or other commodities that may be brought under a private monopoly.

Sir Alfred Mond, however, does not touch at all on this aspect of rationalization. In fact, he appears to want his monopoly with jam on it. Though once a free trader, he has now become an advocate of an imperial economic union. This means free trade within the empire and a tariff wall all round that would give Imperial Chemical Industries and similar trusts an absolute monopoly of what would then be the largest protected market in the world. This pretty plan appears to have a growing number of adherents among British industrialists. It is not quoted here, however, as an example of a more realistic attitude on their part, for little reflection is needed to seize upon its

impractical nature. The British Empire, it is true, has natural resources sufficient to render it independent, but it does not, like the United States, form a political and economic unit. It is possible that the Dominions might be willing to enter an economic union, though Canada, at any rate, is much more closely linked with this country. But the advocates of the scheme also count on the adherence of involuntary members of the empire such as India—a possibility so remote that to build a long-time policy on it is absurd. KEITH HUTCHISON

For Better Babies

The Builders of America. By Ellsworth Huntington and Leon F. Whitney. William Morrow and Company. \$3.50.

WHY not "The Breeders of America"? Under any name it is a funny book, put out by a geographer and a member of the Eugenics Society as propaganda for more and better babies. Eugenics is a subject meriting consideration, but the loose sociologizing here will scarcely advance the cause of eugenics among thoughtful readers. Nor does it seem probable that where actual children with all their unexpected graces fail to arouse parental yearnings, printed statements about the kisses and hugs of the dear little ones will have much effect. The authors show a genuine and admirable feeling for children, which by too much insistence grows absurd. Of course it is the women they are really propagandizing, in the style of the *Woman's Home Companion*. They want misguided women, bent on a career, to realize that their highest duty coincides with their keenest pleasure, for "what woman would really choose lonely barrenness and a career, no matter how self-sacrificing, instead of the kisses, hugs, and confidences of four or five children from babyhood to maturity, the honor of all men, and the solid satisfaction of fifteen to twenty grandchildren while she is still young enough to enjoy them?"

The biology and psychology of the authors are remarkable. They assume a fascinatingly simple form of inheritance. Sons of ministers will be religious, sons of musicians musical, and sons of law-abiding citizens law-abiding. One of the discoveries which encourages them is that missionaries have large families; hence leaders of a religious turn of mind are increasing at such a rate that a century hence they will be twice as important as they are now. They are also persuaded that in the long run the highest type of religion will overrun the world, "because it will have the maximum biological power of survival." They are concerned over the birth-rate among actors, writers, and others of the "intellectual group." Because of this declining birth-rate it is feared that we are headed toward a society in which not only beauty, art, and loveliness are being relentlessly destroyed but all forms of intellectual effort are being degraded. There is no hope for the future unless art can be wedded to farming, etc.

From an analysis of "Who's Who" and data on Yale and Harvard classes the authors conclude that the most successful men in any group tend to have more children than the less successful ones, that children from large families get along better in college than do children from small families, and that there is "an extraordinarily close connection between the birth-rate and the degree to which the occupation is a fundamental necessity of human existence." This is explained by the theory that nature applies to every new quality of man a severe test as to its value in maintaining the life of the species. "Nature" of course does nothing of the sort; it is idle to seek survival value in all the qualities of human beings, for nature is not so rigid in her requirements; the individual has to have only barely enough of those qualities which make for survival—his other qualities may be between himself and his God.

For those who worship the germplasm ("this marvelous germplasm which carries in itself the highest things that we yet know") a sad condition is found among the feminists and ac-

tresses, since they are so busy being persons that they are not doing their duty by the race. If the present tendency continues it will not be long before "both brains and beauty have been more fully weeded out among the women." (One wonders about the sons of women? Won't they inherit?) Feminists have seldom been so chivalrously treated as they are in this section, but they are warned that careers for women cut off the supply of women who could have careers in another generation. Feminists should not worry about jobs, freedom, self-expression, and the like; they should spend their time producing little feminists who in the next generation would not have time for being feminists but would produce more little potential feminists. It is also pointed out that many people think they do not love children when they do; all they need is a little one in the home to find out their error, and the more little ones there are the more their love will grow. They will also discover that the second baby takes less time than the first, and the third less than the second, while many women enjoy children so much that they wish they could always have a baby in the house.

LORINE PRUETTE

Varieties of Musical Criticism

From Grieg to Brahms. By Daniel Gregory Mason. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

The Heritage of Music. Edited by Hubert J. Foss. Oxford University Press. \$2.75.

Music; Classical, Romantic, and Modern. By Eaglefield Hull. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

PROFESSOR MASON has not revised his original text; but he has added a chapter, *After Twenty-five Years*, in which he explains that there was nothing to change, since his original estimates had been confirmed. Thus, "Franck and Brahms have gloriously vindicated the high claims made for them in days when their work was far less familiar." This is quite unexpected, since Professor Mason's claims for Franck in 1902 consisted in describing him as "the only French contemporary of Saint-Saëns who is worthy to be ranked with him as a great composer"; and he ascribed to both a comparable limitation in temperament which comparably limited their achievements and set them off as of lower caliber than Tchaikovsky and Brahms. That is to say, as usual he accepted the accepted notion, in this case that Franck's music expressed his mysticism; as usual he elaborated this notion, demonstrating that the music of a mystic *must* lack rhythmic vigor, that his intellectual disabilities *must* result in weakness of form and in short symmetrical phrases which were a sign of "inability to build up wide and complex forms," as one could see if one looked at Beethoven's long, irregular phrases (but not, one might reply, if one looked at Mozart's short symmetrical ones). As a result, even when he listened to Franck's Symphony, Professor Mason heard what confirmed his expectation of music that was groping, inarticulate, rhythmically bloodless and formless. And all this in the face of its actual clarity, vigor, and formal coherence. Perhaps these qualities have finally impressed themselves upon him; perhaps that is the meaning of his statement that Franck has gloriously vindicated the high claim he made for him; if so, or if not so, the statement is additional evidence of the intellectual and temperamental limitations which, more than his limitations of sympathy, and despite his unquestionable scholarship, make much of his criticism unprofitable.

Intellectual distinction, on the contrary, is a conspicuous quality of several of the essays in "The Heritage of Music"; it adds polish to the knowledge and just perception that distinguish most of them. Each of ten musicians deals with one of ten composers: Richard R. Terry with Palestrina, W. G. Whittaker with Bach, Gustav Holst with Purcell, Thomas F. Dunhill with Haydn, W. J. Turner with Mozart, Donald Francis Tovey with Schubert, Herbert Thompson with Beethoven, J. A. Fuller-Mait-

land with Schumann, Cecil Gray with Brahms, and Richard Capell with Wagner. The object set by the editor was "not a biography or a criticism, but a summing-up of the place the composer holds in musical tradition, and his present and past influence." What is achieved in most of the essays is rather a summing-up of the qualities of the composer's work, sometimes in the light of other composers' work or of all such work; and the original object is, then, achieved only indirectly. The volume also includes two essays by M. D. Calvocoressi on modern Russian and French music which should not have been included, since they are histories of periods which can do little more than hurry from name and formula to name and formula.

This is the procedure of most histories of music, and of Mr. Hull's history, which is therefore not suited to the layman for whom it appears to be intended. For the layman there should be no mention or description of a type of music without the actual music to give it meaning; and Mr. Hull should have omitted the biography and given more music. The virtue of his book is that it does describe modern music; but as it approaches the present the none too disciplined writing becomes a mere scramble after names; and in this respect the chapter on American music is a farce.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Court of Social Justice

Juvenile Courts in the United States. By Herbert H. Lou. The University of North Carolina Press. \$3.

The Delinquent Boy: A Socio-Psychological Study. By John Slawson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$5.

IF it be true, as Harry Elmer Barnes affirms, that "more progress has been made in regard to the scientific understanding of the causes and prevention of crime in the last quarter of a century than in the preceding two thousand years," we may confidently anticipate a similar judgment concerning the ability of the next quarter-century to translate that understanding into sound practice. And an entering wedge for reform of the whole machinery of the administration of criminal justice, it is believed by many serious students, will probably be offered by the juvenile court. That lends additional interest to so excellent a piece of work as Dr. Lou's critical account of the juvenile court in its more important aspects.

Dr. Lou insists that this is not an exhaustive treatise; but without question it is both relatively and absolutely a masterly exposition of all the vital elements of the juvenile court—philosophical, legal, historical, diagnostic, procedural, administrative, and sociological. Here will be found the complete story, in readable form, of its principles, development, present status, forms of organization, actual working, and significant tendencies. The fundamental tenet is, of course, that the law

must take account of social causes and social effects in relation to social conditions and social progress. . . . The juvenile court is conspicuously a response to the modern spirit of social justice. It is perhaps the first legal tribunal where law and science, especially the science of medicine and those sciences which deal with human behavior, such as biology, sociology, and psychology, work side by side. It recognizes the fact that the law unaided is incompetent to decide what is adequate treatment of delinquency and crime. It undertakes to define and readjust social situations without the sentiment of prejudice. Its approach to the problem which the child presents is scientific, objective, and dispassionate. The methods which it uses are those of social case work, in which every child is studied and treated as an individual.

The concept of the law as a means toward social ends is convincingly traced as "a growth in legal theory and not as a departure therefrom." The background of juvenile-court legislation, the spread of the movement, and its checkered career are presented with an eye single to fact. No jarring propagandist zeal obscures the issues. The result is a work of overpowering

cogency. "The existence of the juvenile court is to be justified not by any theory but by its intelligent administration of treatment and its actual success in saving the child." And the facts disclose that despite prevailing tides of opposition and even reaction the ideas and methods of the juvenile court have been generally successful.

It is obvious that the qualifications of the judge have more to do with the success or failure of the work of the court than any other single element. He must be at once an eminent jurist and an expert in the sciences of human behavior and in the art of adjusting human relations. A Ben Lindsey is a rarity; and yet the judicial temper generally displayed in the juvenile court amply assures its continuing strength.

Dr. Slawson's book is a uniquely interesting contribution to the scientific study of the youthful delinquent to whom the juvenile court dedicates its effort. The primary aim should be "to treat the offender by the scientific investigation of the mental, environmental, and physical antecedents which might have led up to the anti-social act." Treatment presupposes knowledge, and knowledge can rightfully be obtained only by measurement with established objective instruments of precision.

This study of the delinquent boy is devoted to the problem of evaluating the contributory strength of such factors as intelligence, emotional aberration, abnormal marital relations of parents, size of family, etc., and its method of approach is that of statistical psychology. A statistical study does not make easy reading, and Dr. Slawson's book is no exception. It might have gained much by a different arrangement of its data and a more fluent summation of its conclusions. That, however, may be carping criticism in the face of its indubitable value.

"The Delinquent Boy" deserves a wider appreciation than is likely to be accorded. Dr. Lou's book, on the other hand, will inevitably find its way into the extensive circle of readers it so well merits.

SOLOMON BLUHM

Books in Brief

That Bright Heat. By George O'Neil. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

A happy title this, for the author succeeds in building and retaining one linked intensity, long drawn out. The story is laid in St. Louis in the last half of the nineteenth century. Clarion Lawless, an orphan living with a maiden aunt, inherited from his mother a most beautiful countenance and from his father a burning desire for life and emotion. The heat of his personality scorches those who come in contact with him, and finally consumes him. These characteristics in the Victorian atmosphere of a Midwestern town can result in little else but emotional chaos. The diverse influences of an old tutor radiating Platonic concepts, an archbishop, and a girl with whom Clarion is in love add to the fire which eventually destroys him. There are some beautiful passages of prose, but frequently the Victorian atmosphere is too thick and the devices too obvious.

Deluge. By S. Fowler Wright. The Cosmopolitan Company. \$2.

"What would you do if you had your life to live over again? What would you do if you could make over the world?" Mr. Wright answers both questions in a novel teeming with all the thrills that move an individual when he is master of his fate. There is a deluge—the first since the days of Noah. The story concerns a few English people who are left after the deluge has subsided. A lawyer becomes separated from his wife and children, a young woman from her traditions, and several Englishmen—sportsman, carpenter, murderer, jockey—from their laws. All doff their customs and traditions as quickly as possible—in fact, those who do so most quickly survive most easily. Society is reborn with a new code of laws and with a little more sincerity in human relationships. It is by no means a Utopia. But it is alluring reading.

Flemish Art. By Roger Fry. Brentano's. \$3.50.

This brief book is a revaluation of the leading Flemings in the light of Mr. Fry's theories of color and form. As in all of Mr. Fry's writings the results are enjoyable as well as instructive, and one brings away a refreshingly increased appreciation of Hubert van Eyck, Roger van der Weyden, Quentin Matsys, and Rubens. He is a bit hard on Peter Breughel and Pol de Limbourg, both of whom had effective plastic as well as literary qualities. In fact, could the latter have been of much use without the former?

Back of War. By Henry Kittredge Norton. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Norton believes, apparently, that it is more important to understand and attempt to remove the cause of war than to make loquacious treaties calling this time-honored institution a row of bad names. He discusses social, political, and economic causes of war, after which he applies his principles to the foreign policies of each of the important countries of the world. On the whole Mr. Norton has produced a well-written survey for the uninformed, but the book is weak because of its silence on the importance of building up an international structure to eliminate causes of war. While most of the book is fairly liberal in tone, for some reason the author shows unbounded enthusiasm for the Caribbean policy of the United States. After describing the success of Stimson in Nicaragua in persuading Sacasa to lay down his arms, Mr. Norton declares: "Peace and order were restored." What an amazing statement!

Immigration Crossroads. By Constantine Panunzio. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

It is a relief to turn from the nostrums of restrictive immigration to the promise of "a possible constructive immigration policy and the international phase of the migration movement and of our restrictive policy." But the reader is doomed to disappointment, for much of the book is devoted to one more rehearsal of the gradual closing of America's open door, and the proposals for a constructive immigration policy contain nothing new. Their chief advantage is that they, like the whole volume, represent a sane and liberal viewpoint toward the problems of migration, and as such are welcome.

India and the West. A Study in Cooperation. By F. S. Marvin. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.75.

This is a wordy and inconsequential book by an Englishman who has read a handful of popular books on India and spent six months and one week in that country. He made an astonishing discovery: "Whatever the misdeeds or wrongful use of force in the past may have been, if, in the present, a state of cooperation is accepted and felt to yield clear benefits to all, then the relation of conqueror and conquered has disappeared." The secondary plot of the book is a glorification of the League of Nations.

A Short History of the American People. By Robert G. Caldwell. Volume II, 1860-1921. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75.

A reading of this second volume of Professor Caldwell's work does not greatly alter the impression made by the first. Until the end of the period of Reconstruction, the narrative is a well-written summary along familiar lines. What follows is treated in a succession of episodic surveys which not only overlap chronologically, in one case going back ten years into the period covered by the previous volume, but which are at times so hurried and sweeping as to suggest superficiality. The account of the industrial revolution in the United States from 1860 to 1920, for example, is only in part completed in a later chapter entitled "Cross Currents in Industry and Politics"; the chapter on the Far West from 1860 to 1924 is a slight treatment of one of the most significant phases of our recent history, while the chapter devoted to the churches and religion

since 1850 barely scratches the surface of the subject. So much of the book as deals with the politics and diplomacy of the last quarter-century is better, enough better to make one wish that the other quarter-century which precedes it had been more adequately bridged.

The Legal Status of Agricultural Cooperation. By Edwin G. Nourse. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

This is not primarily a legal textbook. It is something much more useful—a study of the economic objectives of agricultural cooperation and the way in which they have been or may be properly recognized in legislation. The history of the movement in the United States is traced, the various laws governing it are examined, and some realistic conclusions are presented.

Industrial Prosperity and the Farmer. By Russell C. Engberg. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

That business cycles are not responsible to any considerable extent for the farmer's financial difficulties and that farmers should not attempt to adjust their production policies to changes in demand or costs predicated on business forecasts are the conclusions reached by Professor Engberg after a detailed statistical study.

Drama

"A NNA" (Lyceum Theater) provides an opportunity for Lou Tellegen to look handsome in black velvet suits and to exhibit oceans of old-fashioned artistic temperament and masculine irresponsibility. It allows Judith Anderson to bustle about in a similarly traditional manner, tidying the artist's room, ordering his life, and finally dragooning him into marriage. The fact that both actors work hard and do their duty by their respective roles does not result in making the play more than a worthy effort to keep a theater open and give good actors a job in a season of decline. F. K.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, Pauline Lord, Fay Bainter, Patricia Collinge, and Glenn Hunter do not make "She Stoops to Conquer" (Erlanger's Theater) a hilariously funny comedy, but perhaps that is the fault of Mr. Goldsmith and this flapper age rather than of the actors. Needless to say they give a gracious and finished performance. M. G.

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International Relations Section

Government of Natives in Africa

By LORD OLIVIER

I. TRUSTEESHIP

THE fashion of speaking of European Powers as "trustees" for the civilization of "backward peoples" has now become familiar. The common currency of the phrase dates from the Covenant of the League of Nations, though it had often previously been used of British rule in India. The Covenant gave the idea a formal reality. Written instruments were drawn up expressly purporting to be "mandates" of deeds of trust, appointing certain Powers among the victorious Allies to be "mandatory" (status well understood at law) for former German colonies and Turkish territories. The duties of the Trustee Power were defined in those instruments. The idea caught on, and our statesmen began to talk, metaphorically, of trusteeship for natives in our own unmandated colonies and protectorates also. The idea is a gracious one, the habit of so describing ourselves is congenial to self-respect. Sincerely conceived and applied it can be wholesome; its associations are more genteel than those of the Chamberlain formula of "undeveloped estates." But it covers pitfalls. The duties and implications of the self-attributed trusts are not expressly defined. There is no instrument, as there is a mandate. There is no court of chancery to interpret the trust and protect its beneficiaries as there is in the League's Commission on Mandates. It implies little more than an attitude which kindly and disinterested people (commonly spoken of as "idealists" when any practical issue arises) would desire that we should observe. Parliamentary vigilance, directed by public opinion, is all its safeguard. And what reason is there for confidence that these will operate more effectually now than they used to before we talked of trusteeship, and simply relied on what liberal-minded citizens, informed by an open press, understand as the common principles of decent human behavior in civilized Christian states? Exeter Hall having become the Strand Palace Hotel and most of our press being still of the Chamberlain-Kipling philosophy, the idea of trusteeship, with proper definition of principles and disinterested administration, no doubt goes some way toward providing a substitute for those weakened defenses of humanism.

Unfortunately, "trusteeship," without a trust deed or a court, is a word very easy to juggle with. The new departure of Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in regard to East Africa, his recent "White Paper" superseding the declaration of principles made by the Duke of Devonshire in 1923, after the tussle over forced labor and Indians' rights in Kenya, and his instructions to Sir E. Hilton Young's East African Commission, strikingly illustrate this facility.

The "Kenya White Paper" of 1923 declared that the Imperial Government must remain sole trustee for natives in our African territories, and that in the exercise of that trust the interests of the natives were to be "paramount." It is permissible to doubt whether that sincerely well-meant

phrase was not a little enthusiastic and injudicious. Imperialist real-politicians and East African pioneer colonists smiled quietly at it as transparent but harmless buncombe. Harmless, at any rate, so long as their friends might be in power at Westminster. The portent of a Labor Government startled them into activity. "Labor," they cried, "will restore Tanganyika to Germany! (Not likely—but the Conservatives will believe it.) It will establish native Soviets. Intrust us with East Africa!" Hence the commission. Outside of Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland (which it has been assumed are to join the Happy Family of the South African Union), it was manifest that no African territory had been annexed by Great Britain, and, except missionaries and perhaps a few public officials, no European had ever entered any African territory in the paramount interests of the natives or was engaged in pursuing them, nor had the Government of any British East African territory been administered with that primary object. The imperially thinking public had, on the contrary, been persuaded that the purpose of these extensions of empire was to supply raw materials and tropical products for British manufactures and trade, and new homes for Englishmen. And their progress had been annually gauged by the amount of such exports produced through the energies of such Englishmen. All very gratifying, no doubt, but not suggesting much consciousness of the paramountcy of native interests.

The time has now come, Mr. Amery has recently told us, to associate with the Imperial Government in its trusteeship the immigrant residents in the territories. Now, as any solicitor would explain to us, a trustee, in the usual sense of the term, cannot have an unlimited personal interest in the trust property; nor can he delegate or divide his trust. He remains solely responsible. And, manifestly, the duties of Britain, under the Tanganyika mandate, cannot be so shared. Our Government solely is responsible to the authority (wherever that now resides) that created the mandate. Outside of mandated territory, however, any government is at liberty to interpret its self-assigned trusteeship just as it pleases. It is merely a metaphorical announcement of good intentions, the elasticity of whose interpretation adapts itself to the views of the minister and the mood of Parliament of the day. The term "trusteeship" is, in fact, in Mr. Amery's "White Paper," used equivocally in two distinct senses.

I have sometimes found myself thinking that we could afford to dispense with some of the propagation of the gospel of trusteeship in exchange for a revival of stricter insistence by public opinion, and in explicit instructions to governors that the policy of colonial government is to adhere to the principles which it observed in the Victorian age of our Empire, before the vogue of the theory of the exploitation of "undeveloped estates." In the West Indies and in West Africa the recognition of human rights which dictated the abolition of slavery established and maintained during most of the nineteenth century a wholesome tradition of the functions of British government in holding the balance evenly between white men and black. The troubles which arose between white plantocracies and Negroes in the West Indies after emancipation were only assuaged by the resolute policy of the Colonial Office in maintaining legal and civil equality and guarding against the possibility of oppression or injustice. The appreciation of the same prin-

ciples has now been extended over the whole of our enlarged West African empire.

In Kenya Colony there has flourished especially the doctrine that the white man's trusteeship for civilization must be exercised educationally through the indirect but simple method of getting the native to work on the white man's estate. This is called the "contact theory"; and there is much in it that, obviously, is sound enough. We are all in favor of contact and intercourse, which, in the West Indies, successfully and progressively maintain a European Christian civilization. But East African settlers were not introduced as trustees for natives, but to farm and plant and make money, and no one need be surprised if they have adopted somewhat too exclusively Lord Milner's belief that it is a providential arrangement that natives of simple needs are in Africa to work for civilized men and to be uplifted in doing so. Our own farmers are equally sure that the dung-yard is the best schoolroom for village boys. That theory dominated the government till Sir Robert Coryndon flanked it with the discovery of the "dual policy," announcing that the government must try to help natives also to civilize themselves in their own homesteads. Meanwhile, however, there had been imposed, agreeably to the theory of trusteeship and civilization by "contact," heavy rates of taxation on natives, the proceeds of which go mainly to making things easy for the European community and which Mr. Ormsby Gore's commission reported are the principal incentive to natives to work on estates, combined with a complete system of registration, identification, and passes for adult natives, to assist the enforcing of the contracts for periods of labor into which they are induced to enter.

[A second article, dealing with the administration of justice in Africa, will appear next week.]

"Gold" and "Silver" in Panama

By W. A. GASKIN

WHEREVER two or three Americans are gathered together in any region below the Mason and Dixon line the race question is present also. And down in the Canal Zone there is not only race discrimination but men are exploited economically on account of their color. Here are two classes of workers: "gold employees" and "silver employees." They are not two sorts of mine workers but two colors of men; "gold" means American, or white employees, and "silver" means black, or West Indian employees. The use of these two metals as symbols indicates which group is the superior.

For this state of affairs we have to thank the Isthmian Canal Commissioners, the men who introduced these terms on the Isthmus. They are responsible for the dissatisfaction that exists on the Isthmus today, especially in the realm of labor. And there will never be peace and harmony until the silver, or colored, employees are paid according to their skill and ability, rather than the color of their skin. It is generally felt that the Canal Zone represents the Southern States of America. The whole area is permeated with the color prejudice of the South.

In the post office at Cristobal white and colored are not

served at the same window. At one window there is a sign that reads "Gold Stamps," and at another a sign that reads "Silver Stamps." These signs have nothing to do with the articles of purchase; but they have reference to the color of the person who may purchase at a given window. In the commissaries the same condition exists. There is all the difference in the world between a white man who is on the gold roll and a colored man who is on the silver roll. The white man gets about three times as much as the colored man for doing similar work. A colored watchman is paid about \$45 a month. A white watchman gets about \$150 a month. The maximum pay for a colored man is \$80 monthly. Yet children of gold employees during the period of their school vacation are at times employed and are paid between \$75 and \$80 a month. The gold employees are entitled to a vacation every year, the silver employees are not. Colored teachers are actually discharged for about three months every year, and in many cases are not reemployed. Children of the gold employees can enter high school or trade school when they are through with the primary school; the children of silver employees have none of these privileges. The whole social and economic condition of the colored worker in the Canal Zone is one of inferiority.

About four years ago the silver employees, to combat these disabilities, formed the Silver Employees Association. The fighting force of this association will be appreciated when it is noted that of the eight thousand silver employees only six or seven hundred are members of the association. The men are not indifferent to their welfare. But they feel, perhaps rightly, that the association is only a begging institution. They dare not make demands, and they have not the right to strike.

The strike of eight years ago taught the silver employees a lesson never to be forgotten. Those who struck were promptly put off the Canal Zone. Naturally, they rushed to the terminal cities of Panama and Colon. But on the borders they were met by the Panaman authorities, who would not allow them to enter until they had paid the regular duty on their household goods. Many of those who paid were left penniless and could not afford to rent a room for themselves and their family. In the meantime the work in the Zone was held up. American women and children acted as strike-breakers. Panamans also went to the rescue; this was done not out of love for the Zone authorities but out of hatred for the Negro workers. The result of the strike was felt most in the sanitary department. The cities became fetid. At this point the Panaman Government helped to break the strike; decrees were issued forbidding the strikers to hold meetings; two men could not be seen together after six o'clock in the evening. There was nothing left for the men to do; they were caught on the run between two governments. And in about eight days the strike was called off. The Panaman strike-breakers were discharged to make room for those who returned, but wages were reduced to below the pre-strike level. The strike leader was put in jail and then deported. And this is the fate that awaits any one who attempts a strike against the successful operation of the Panama Canal.

There is small hope for these silver employees. Many of them have large families, but there are no high schools for the educational advancement of their children, and no trade schools for their economic training. The rapid increase in numbers of these West Indians has caused the Panaman Government to view the situation both with per-

plexity and hostility. Undoubtedly, this growing Negro population is economically dangerous to the Panaman Government. There was a time when Panama was indifferent to the influx of foreign labor. Her sons lived then an easy and carefree life. Today things have changed. Now that the Panamans have turned their attention to the economic situation in the republic, they have found that in their own home they must fight a foreign foe. And the fight promises to be a strenuous one; for the West Indian has proved himself the backbone of labor on the Isthmus in general and in the Canal Zone in particular.

The Panamans have formed the Panama Labor Union, admittedly hostile to West Indian labor, and they boast that they have political backing. They declare that according to the terms of the treaty with the United States they are entitled to the same consideration as an American. The "Chombos," as they call the West Indians, have come into the country and have not only worked for small wages but have prevented them from enjoying the privileges that are theirs by treaty rights. In this predicament they sought the aid of the metal workers' union, an American organization. But neither group has been able to prevail on the authorities at Balboa Heights to oust the West Indians.

Conditions in the jails and hospitals first drew attention to the "foreign evil." Panamans declare that these institutions are mostly filled with foreigners, especially from the West Indies. As no one who is not working for the Panama Canal is allowed to live on the Zone, all idlers and loafers are thrown upon the Panaman Government. In like manner, only those who are working for the Panama Canal are admitted to the hospitals operated by the Zone. Panama feels that it is not fair to her to have these people thrust upon her. When she grumbles, which is very often, the Zone authorities shrug their shoulders.

With the object of meeting this growing social and economic disadvantage, the famous immigration bill was introduced year before last in the National Assembly. The object of the bill was to exclude Turks, Chinese, Hindus, and Negroes from entering the republic. There has not been a public issue for the past fifteen years that has caused so much debate in the press and elsewhere. An attempt was made to give the bill economic significance, but the spirit displayed by the members of the National Assembly proved beyond a doubt that it was purely a race question. Those at whom the bill aimed protested vigorously. As the Negroes are in the majority it affected them more. They formed a central organization and laid plans to combat the situation. The Chinese, Turks, and Hindus protested also. The West Indians took up with the British Minister the advisability of an exodus to British Guiana, then calling for population. They boycotted the merchants and purchased goods by fair or foul means from the commissaries operated by the Canal Zone. The merchants felt the effects of the boycott, and the Chamber of Commerce intervened. Meanwhile, the bill passed its third reading and was sent to President Chiari, who vetoed it. He declared that it was unconstitutional because of its race discrimination. And he further said that it would be insulting to the sister republics, whose citizens are mostly Negroes. With the object of protecting Spanish-speaking Negroes, the bill was amended to read: "All Negroes whose native tongue is not the Spanish language will not be permitted to enter the republic." With this and a few other alterations the bill became law.

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Thus, it appears, on the Isthmus of Panama racial discrimination and economic exploitation go on side by side. There are the authorities in the Canal Zone, contemptuous of all other races. And there is Panama, youngest of republics, not ashamed to pass discriminatory laws.

Contributors to This Issue

EDNA FERBER, novelist and playwright, is the author of "So Big," "Showboat," and other volumes.

HENRY W. NEVINSON, famous English author and newspaper correspondent, has recently represented the *Manchester Guardian* at various international conferences.

ROBERTA HOLLOWAY is a California poet.

HERBERT L. MAY has made a study of opium in the Orient for the Foreign Policy Association.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of "Mohammed."

W. NORMAN BROWN is in the department of Sanscrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

KEITH HUTCHISON is an English journalist now living in New York.

LORINE PRUETTE is the author of "Women and Leisure: a Study in Social Waste."

B. H. HAGGIN is writing a series of articles on musical criticism for *The Nation*.

LORD OLIVIER, Secretary of State for India in the British Labor Government, is the author of "White Capital and Colored Labor."

W. A. GASKIN has lived in Panama for the past fifteen years, and has contributed articles to the *Panama American* and other papers.

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